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"AY, THERE'S THE RUB!"

"TAKE OFF THOSE STRIPES, AND IT WILL LOOK LIKE A LAMB."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1875.

WILKIE COLLINS'S NEW STORY.

☞ *In* HARPER'S BAZAR *for December 25 will be commenced the publication of a new and powerful Illustrated Serial Story, entitled*

THE TWO DESTINIES:

A Romance.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The New Magdalen," "The Law and the Lady," "Man and Wife," "No Name," "The Woman in White," etc., etc.

This story, by one of the greatest novelists of the age, will be continued from week to week during the coming year. New subscribers for 1876 will be furnished, on their request, gratuitously, with the BAZAR *containing the commencement of the story.*

NEW SERIAL STORY BY BLACKMORE.

☞ *We shall commence in an early Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *the publication of a new Serial Story, under the title of*

"CRIPPS THE CARRIER,"

BY R. D. BLACKMORE,

Author of "The Maid of Sker," "Lorna Doone," "Alice Lorraine," etc.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains another installment of*

"AN ISLAND PEARL,"

and a short story by WILLIAM BLACK, *entitled* "THE STRANGE HORSE OF LOCH SUAINABHAL."

An illustrated SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

HENRY WILSON.

IN HENRY WILSON the country has lost an honest, patriotic, and most faithful public officer, whose career fell in the stormiest epoch of our politics, during which he held a place among the leaders, living and dying without a stain upon his name. The daily papers have called attention to the fact that of the eminent founders of the Republican party only Mr. WADE, of Ohio, survives Mr. WILSON. They were a memorable group of men, to whom the debt of the country and of liberty is incalculable. Other groups in our political history have been composed of men in some respects as intellectually able, but none since the Continental Congress have been leaders of so lofty a tone and so great a purpose as the first chiefs of the Republican party. The era in JACKSON'S administration when WEBSTER, CLAY, CALHOUN, PRESTON, MANGUM, WRIGHT, BENTON, CLAYTON, SOUTHARD, FORSYTH, GRUNDY, WHITE, and their colleagues sat in the Senate is often called the most brilliant in our annals. Brilliant it certainly was, but moral grandeur was reserved for other men and a later day. The debates upon the bank and the removal of the deposits and the expunging resolutions were vehement, passionate, and effective; but the culmination of that earlier epoch was WEBSTER'S reply to HAYNE and EDWARD LIVINGSTON'S draft of JACKSON'S proclamation. Mr. WEBSTER, as Governor BULLOCK, of Massachusetts, pointed out in his address at Brown University last June, then laid down the fundamental and necessary principles of the Union, which the war has immutably established. But the work of the next generation was as much loftier as liberty is more precious than Union. Mr. WEBSTER indeed declared for "Union and liberty......one and inseparable," but, to save the Union, he exhorted Massachusetts to conquer its prejudices for liberty.

Mr. WILSON'S active career began in 1840, and he was in public life continuously from that time. In 1855 he was elected Senator, to succeed EDWARD EVERETT. There was a great deal of disgust and outcry at this result in some quarters. But the simple truth was that Mr. WILSON represented Massachusetts, and Mr. EVERETT did not. The State was proud of Mr. EVERETT'S elegant gifts and attainments, and it was glad of the velvet hand, if there were the iron beneath it, as in CHARLES SUMNER. If not, it must have the iron, and let the velvet go. HENRY WILSON fairly represented the common-school intelligence, sagacity, tenacity, sincerity, and profound moral conviction of the average New Englander. He was a natural politician, like Mr. SEWARD, and therefore the independent heroism of men like GARRISON and PHILLIPS was not for him. He liked a party, and the management of a party, and the prizes of a party. His fond regard for the Republican party was touching. He considered it to be the natural political organization of the moral intelligence of the country, and his mortal illness is traced to the excitement consequent upon the first great breach in the party, growing out of the difference between the President and Mr. SUMNER upon the San Domingo question. He labored strenuously but vainly to heal the difficulty between the President and the Senator; but when Mr. SUMNER was, as he felt and said, "degraded" from the foreign chairmanship—a blow which he felt with a pang that the blow of BROOKS had never caused—when Mr. WILSON saw the leadership of the party, whose origin and spirit no man knew better than he, passing into hands of which General BUTLER was a type, his devotion to the party and his trust in its power still to carry on the work that the best interests of the country demanded held him faithful, but threw him out of sympathy with the new leadership, which never concealed its dislike of him as a weak and timid and obsolete politician.

Mr. WILSON supported all the great antislavery and war and reconstruction measures, and as chairman of the Military Committee of the Senate during the rebellion, his labors were immense and arduous. He was also the historian of the antislavery legislation, and had published two large volumes of a history of the slave power in the United States, which a third volume, thoroughly matured in his mind and purpose, would have completed, and upon which he had made some progress. He took part in debate frequently, and his plain sagacious common-sense, his practical knowledge, his shrewd observation, and his moral feeling made him a valuable legislator. His sincerity and his shrewdness as a politician made him also a favorite and effective political speaker. He opposed, without truculence or schism, the later policy of his party. He was of opinion that conciliation should be actively sought, and that a very considerable change in the *personnel* of the civil service was indispensable to show the country that the President, by whose action the party would be largely judged, was in sympathy with the feeling of the necessity of administrative reform. These views he did not hesitate to express among his friends nor to urge upon the President. He was certainly not obnoxious to the charge of being an ideal politician, but he had no doubt whatever that if the Republican party is to elect the next President, it is to be done only by the nomination of a candidate whose character and career will assure the country that it is more likely to obtain what it seeks under Republican than under Democratic ascendency. Doubtless he thought, what we know large numbers of people also believed, that he was the natural Republican candidate, as a founder and constant leader of the party, as a public man of great experience and blameless life, and as an opponent of courses and a spirit that had greatly weakened the Republican hold upon the country. Nor have we any doubt that, although not a favorite of the powerful office-holding interest, nor of the bummers who think they are practical politicians because they have no convictions and a profound contempt for mankind, Mr. WILSON was very much nearer to the heart of his party, and, except for the doubt caused by his long illness, could very much more easily have been nominated in a National Convention than any chief of the later leadership. It was his conviction that the President desired a third term, and that there would be a powerful intrigue to secure his renomination. But he had no doubt that if it succeeded, the party would be defeated.

Mr. WILSON'S long Senatorial service with CHARLES SUMNER and their unclouded friendship will be always happily remembered. They were different in every thing but their constancy and devotion to equal human rights, yet each had the sincerest respect and affection for the other, and both together were admirably representative of the Massachusetts which they loved so truly and served so well. Both were illustrations of the truth that the highest personal character and inflexible fidelity to moral convictions are compatible with great political success. Both saw the glory for which they had labored and waited. Both died at their official posts. And both will be remembered as friendly and efficient co-workers in the greatest result that America has achieved.

ADMINISTRATIVE REFORM.

WHAT is meant by administrative reform? It is said to be one of the chief questions now before the country, and to be one of the most urgent needs of the government. In many quarters it is declared to be the paramount issue of all, and unless we can secure it, as we are constantly told, we are a doomed people. If we push those who insist upon this reform to tell us what they mean, they reply, Honesty, fidelity, efficiency, and economy in administration. That is administrative reform. That is vitally indispensable, we are told. Without that we are lost. The proceedings against the Whisky Ring in Missouri and the Canal Ring in New York are said to be movements for such a reform. The thieves are pursued, prosecuted, punished, and forced to refund. Now this is well, but it is not reform. In New York, indeed, an amendment to the Constitution was adopted last year which makes the chief abuse in canal management hitherto impossible in future. But so long as the State owns the canals there will be vast and constantly new opportunities and incentives to abuse. In Missouri, however, where Secretary BRISTOW is so relentlessly doing a good work, there is nothing whatever to prevent the necessity of a repetition of his good work every year.

The object of administrative reform is honest and efficient official service. But that is impossible without honest and efficient officers. Denunciations and exposures and punishment of rascals will not reform the service. Well-meaning appointing officers can not reform it, because they can not possibly personally know any thing of the great majority of persons whom they appoint, and must depend upon the representations of those whose motives they must generally suspect to be selfish. No appointing officer supposes, as a rule, that the representations made to him are chiefly in the interest of the public service. He knows that the motives are personal, political, or pecuniary. He knows, Secretary BRISTOW knows, that when he has broken up one ring of thieves, the system which made it, and which is unchanged, will make another. In New York, if the amended Constitution did not now forbid the devices by which the LORDS and BELDENS and DENISONS carried on their work, new LORDS and BELDENS and DENISONS would succeed those with whom we have all been made familiar. While the root remains alive, the tree will continue to sprout after its kind.

Now the tap-root of administrative abuses remains. A system of appointments to office which disregards character, capacity, intelligence, and fitness; which makes of the service a lottery in which drawing even the smallest prizes depends upon influence, effrontery, and partisan zeal and efficiency; which rests the tenure of office upon the same agencies, and not upon devoted, capable, and honest service, and therefore stimulates officers to make hay while the sun shines—is a system which fosters every kind of abuse, and under which actual reform is impossible. There is plenty of clamor about putting honest and fit men in office. And how are they to be put in? We have heard very high officers of the government say that nobody can be so much interested as they are to have good men in office. That is very true, but it is still truer that over the appointment of the most important officers in their own departments they have very little influence, or none whatever. The system is very much stronger than they. We are continually exhorted to vote for this or that candidate because, if elected, he will appoint only honest and good men. But he can not help himself. He will appoint such honest and good men as the system permits, and no others. His fellow-partisans will insist that their party affords just as honest and good men as the other, and if their "claims are disregarded," that the party will go to destruction, and the appointing officer himself will be heard of no more. Governor TILDEN, we are told, is an administrative reformer. But if his party had elected the Senate of the State, does any body suppose that he would have renominated any of the Republican officers whose terms are expiring, however honest, faithful, and efficient they may have been? No man is more loyal to "the system" than the Governor, as, indeed, would naturally be expected of a pupil of the Albany Regency, whose doctrine of the civil service Mr. MARCY, one of its leaders, declared in the Senate, as a justification of the vast administrative debauchery and demoralization which were begun by the most despotic, most arrogant, and most vindictive of American Presidents—ANDREW JACKSON.

Administrative reform is practicable upon one condition only, and that is a change of system. By that we do not mean the adoption of any particular scheme, but the substitution of another system for one that is proved to be so inefficient and demoralizing. The reform does not depend, as so many persons imagine, merely upon electing or appointing honest and faithful partisans to high office. Mr. CHANDLER is, by the admission of his political opponents, an honest man, nor does any one question that he will be a faithful officer. But is administrative reform to be expected from Mr. CHANDLER? Governor TILDEN is an honest and faithful officer. If he were elected President of the United States, does any body doubt that there would be the same turning out of his party opponents and turning in of his party friends all over the country that followed the election of General HARRISON and Mr. LINCOLN? This would be equally true of any Republican partisan. No sensible man doubts it, and the conclusion is irresistible that administrative reform is practically impossible under a partisan President, and consequently that if that be the paramount issue, a President must be elected upon that question alone, and a President conspicuous for his unpartisan character. But although the cry is so general that administrative reform is indispensable, and must be a leading issue in the election of next year, the conviction is equally general that the election will be a contest between the two existing parties. It will, then, be in form a partisan contest. Now the radical and proved friends of administrative reform are among the Republicans. They know how vitally necessary to our political health such a reform is, and that it is not to be expected of good intentions, but only of a change of system. Their paramount duty is to oppose the nomination of any candidate who represents merely the traditional party system, and to support some man of Republican sympathies, and who is therefore a proper candidate for a party convention, whose political independence of character is such as to give the highest confidence that the cause will lose nothing by his election.

THE SECRETARY AND THE GOVERNOR.

WHEN Mr. BRISTOW became Secretary of the Treasury, he was thought rather an unknown man for the position. But those who knew the esteem in which he was held at home, and those who knew his manly and able conduct of the Solicitor-General's office in Washington, had no doubt that the vigor and force of his character, his ability, resolution, and sagacity, would be as conspicuous in his new position. His report last year showed how sound are his financial views, while from the first it has been understood that he is among the most independent members of the cabinet. No doubtful candidate or equivocal measure receives countenance from him, while the skill and energy and heroism with which he has made war upon the Whisky Ring is one of the most agreeable and promising events in the history of the Administration. He made sure of his ground, and then he struck. A more powerful combination for fraud upon the Treasury has not been known, and the Secretary has dealt it a fatal blow. The completeness of the exposure, the clearness and directness of the evidence, the rapidity of the trial, the swift and total conviction in the leading case of M'DONALD, the imprisonment of JOYCE, and the recovery of money, are all testimonies to the inflexible good purpose and administrative capacity of the Secretary which will not be forgotten.

The war upon the canal frauds in this State has not been pursued with quite the same vigor. There have been ten reports from the commission of investigation, detailing larger or smaller swindles, and a suit has been brought upon the DENISON contract and against GEORGE D. LORD. But as yet nothing has been brought to trial. It now appears that a suit was brought upon the DENISON contract for the whole amount paid, more than four hundred thousand dollars. But, to recover this amount, it must be shown that no work at all has been done. This is, of course, impossible, and the whole sum can not be recovered. We presume the real difficulty to be that although Governor TILDEN is sincerely desirous to destroy the Ring, he is equally desirous to secure a party advantage. This explains the departure from the original non-partisan character of the reform, and the argument that honest friends of reform must necessarily support the Democratic party. If the Governor, instead of making Democratic candidates for office of the non-partisan commission, had not only said, but had shown that he meant, that he asked the election of honest officers only, of whatever party, the movement would have still stood

upon its original footing of an unpartisan public service, and the Governor, instead of being in the position of an adroit partisan, would have appeared as an officer bent upon reform irrespective of party.

While the Governor with his able Message and his commission with its ten exhaustive reports have filled the public eye and ear, and have aroused great expectations of great results, the Secretary has accomplished great results unostentatiously, and with a supreme disregard of party consequences, which have very warmly commended him to all those who are more intent upon reform than upon partisan advantage.

THE DEMOCRATIC HOUSE.

In the present Congress the Democratic party, for the first time in fifteen years, takes a position of responsibility. It does not, indeed, control both Houses, but it has a positive majority in the popular branch, and its general spirit and tendency can there be studied. This is fortunate, because in a Presidential election the party wholly out of power has a certain kind of advantage. Its fine professions and promises are untested; and if there is great discontent with the existing order, it is very easy to suppose that a change to a fair-spoken rival must necessarily be a gain. This, however, is an advantage that is modified by our double political system—that of the States and the nation. The conduct of a party in the States which it controls is a clew to its probable action in national administration. In this view the Democratic party shows no claims to be considered a party of reform or progress. But the new House will endeavor to establish such a claim by its vigorous investigation and exposure of maladministration wherever it thinks it is to be found. The session will be devoted to securing as much party advantage as possible for the Presidential election of next year.

One of the most radical and vital questions of the hour is the financial policy of the country. There is no issue upon which public opinion is more pronounced or public feeling stronger. By general consent it is one of the most important subjects with which Congress must deal. If, therefore, the Democratic party holds any sound or definite position upon the question, the Speaker whom it is to elect will, of course, represent it, as Mr. Colfax and Mr. Blaine represented the strong and united position of the Republican party upon the paramount questions at the time of their election. But up to the day of the meeting of Congress and the organization of the House it has been a question whether the hard or soft money wing of the Democratic party would elect a Speaker—a situation which, for a party strenuously declared by some of its members and organs to be a traditionally hard-money party, is as absurd as if in a Republican House there had been a question whether a pro-slavery or an antislavery Speaker would be elected. Yet that there should be such a question is not surprising, for the Democratic party upon a platform of rag money in Ohio was defeated, after a most exciting contest and upon an enormous vote, only by a very small majority, and in the neighboring great State of Pennsylvania the same party tried to succeed upon a similar platform. These facts and such as these show that the party as such has no common ground upon one of the most commanding questions of the time. And it is in the face of such facts that a few gentlemen incessantly vociferate that the Democratic is the old traditional hard-money party. But they can not claim that it is a hard-money party now, and that is rather the more important point for today.

If a hard-money Speaker be elected, the party, in order to vindicate its claim to the hard-money name, and to show that the election of Speaker is indicative of its financial conviction and policy, must mature measures looking to the resumption of specie payment. It can not plead that it does not control legislation because of a politically hostile Senate and President. If it is in good faith a hard-money party, it will bring forward its bills upon the subject, and throw upon the Republican Senate and President the responsibility of rejection. Mere partisan opposition to such measures upon the part of the Republicans will be easily and promptly exposed by the hard-money Republican press. The Republican party, after the elections of the autumn, has nothing to gain by equivocation or opposition to a sound policy. Let the Democratic House make the bill providing for resumption in 1879 more stringent than it now is, and if done in a reasonable and practicable way, it may safely defy the Republicans to oppose and defeat it. But if the party does nothing, or if it thinks that the election of a Speaker more or less identified with hard-money views will establish its claim to be considered a hard-money party, the Democrats will find that they are terribly mistaken. Their leaders are fully aware that their party has not the public confidence or sympathy. Indeed, they know that it is profoundly distrusted, and that it can obtain favor only by the plainest proof of merit upon its own part, or folly upon the part of the Republicans. They are to show why the control of the national government should be given to them next year. They can not do it negatively by their committees of investigation, and by merely showing that the Republicans have been remiss, unless the Republicans are so infatuated as to think that they need not correct their questionable tendencies. If the Republicans show that the better judgment of the party is hereafter to shape its policy, the sole lean chance for Democratic success lies in showing that the Democrats can command a higher ability and a surer resolution to do the work of the Republicans better than the Republicans themselves.

This is the task to which the Democratic House must address itself, and failure will be almost certainly fatal to Democratic hopes next year. A bold, simple, and practicable measure of speedy resumption would give the Democrats a prestige of reform which would be greatly increased by such exposures as they may make of abuses in the civil service. But to decline the initiative of a decisive hard-money policy, and to depend upon exposures of Republican abuses, while the Republicans themselves are exposing and correcting them, punishing the offenders and recovering stolen money, will be a confession of timidity and incapacity to which the common-sense of the country will certainly not intrust the government. Yet there is nothing whatever in the present condition of the Democratic party to justify the smallest expectation that its majority in the House will adopt a really vigorous or courageous or efficient policy upon any great question. A party which is doubtful to the very opening of the session whether it will elect a hard-money or a rag-money Speaker is not a party which holds any sound financial principles, or from which a sound financial policy is to be expected. Nor is a party among whose most prominent candidates for the Speakership is Fernando Wood, and which, in the city of New York, uses the public money, not for the public service, but to buy voters, a party from which the country may look for administrative reform.

THE REPUBLICANS AND THE THIRD TERM.

The third-term discussion has been renewed with remarkable warmth, and all along the line. It shows that the President's letter is not considered in the least degree conclusive, and that the office-holding interest is believed to be strong enough and foolish enough to try to force a renomination. The probability of such a result is said to be increased by the fact that there is no peculiarly eminent leader to whom the party would naturally turn. There are certain gentlemen, it is argued, who may bring to the Convention the support of their States, but their local friends will hardly be able to show why any one of them is a stronger candidate than any other, and the result would be a dicker and bargain of some kind, unless some name could be presented which would plainly by its pre-eminence satisfy the conditions, and that name, it is needless to say, is Grant. But this theory implies many more things than are true. Among others it implies that General Grant is the second choice of many States. But it does not follow because Indiana, for instance, may decline to prefer Mr. Conkling to Mr. Morton, that it might not prefer a wholly new name to that of the President. Indiana might say that it could not see why Mr. Conkling would command a larger vote than Mr. Morton, and it might see with equal clearness the immense difficulties in the way of re-electing General Grant. If, then, it found that Mr. Morton could not be nominated, it would be ready for a candidate who was liable to none of the objections that it felt against Mr. Conkling and the President.

As for New York, one editor may guess as well as another, and there is no indication whatever that the President is a second choice of the Republicans of the State, or that he has any especial popularity as a candidate. The late Republican Convention declared most warmly against a third term, and every well-informed person knows that it spoke the undoubted sentiment of the party. If the Republicans of New York continue to be as wise as they were at that Convention, they will send unpledged delegates to the national nominating Convention. Some of them at least will not have forgotten how they whirled across the country in 1860, declaring at every station that they were going to Chicago to nominate the favorite son of New York. They were all heartily, enthusiastically in his favor as the great and conspicuous chief of the party. But he was not nominated. A man who had been little mentioned was designated and elected. There is no man in New York who now holds the position toward the Republican party in the country that Mr. Seward held fifteen years ago, and in the present political situation of the country and the State we do not doubt that the Republicans will renew in the spring their declaration against a third term, and send an unpledged delegation to the nominating Convention.

But these are unnecessary speculations so far as the third term is concerned, and for this reason: every body knows that the real conviction of the Republican party has repudiated all thought of renominating the President. It is not doubted that a renomination could be accomplished only by the intrigues of the office-holding interest, whatever the pretense might be. It is unquestionable that the plan would count for success upon the regularity of the nomination, and upon the reluctant but certain final acquiescence of the party, which would sustain the third term rather than permit the election of a Democrat. But that is exactly the error, and it is fatal. Why did not the regularity of the nomination and the fear of a Democrat last year elect Mr. Talbot Republican Governor of Massachusetts? Why did not the same considerations elect General Butler? Why did they not prevent the return of a Democratic House of Representatives? Simply because there are things to which those who generally vote the Republican ticket are more steadfastly opposed than the election of a Democratic Governor or a Democratic House. And the third term is one of the chief of those things, especially when it is a third term of so much that so many honest voters do not approve. Those political managers and unwise friends of the President who are seriously considering the subject ought to understand that there is an immense body of Republicans who will not vote for General Grant for a third term, whether he is regularly nominated or not, and whether the alternative is or is not the restoration of the Democratic party. When they thoroughly comprehend this truth and see the hopelessness of their efforts, these same gentlemen will state, with a kind smile, that they must be very simple people indeed who ever supposed there was any thing serious in the chatter about a third term.

PERSONAL.

The new Lord Mayor of London, Mr. Alderman Cotton, is also a member of Parliament. On the occasion of his inauguration, the Lord Chancellor, in a graceful speech of welcome to the new Mayor, said that he united "in his own person the rare combination of the Parliamentary and municipal representative of London." Alderman Cotton's career has been in many ways a distinguished one. He was originally destined for the law, and in his early days made some successes in literature, but eventually devoted himself to commerce. He has had much experience in public affairs, is a man of taste and culture, a good speaker, and a thoroughly capable man of business.

—Mr. W. P. Talboys has given us, in neat book form, the best package of "West India Pickles" that has yet been put upon the market. His *Diary of a Cruise through the West Indies in the Yacht Josephine* is full of humor, good writing, and capital description, and is in every respect as good, if not a better book about yachting than Earl Dufferin's *Cruising in High Latitudes*, or *The Earl and the Doctor*. This pleasant "personal" of a Barbadoes character is one of the many neat bits scattered through it: "The only great objection to Barbadoes is the tremendous *cheek* and insolence of the 'Bim,' as the nigger of the island is called. No one could believe it possible or appreciate it unless he had suffered and endeavored to endure it. *The Book of Job would never have been written had that interesting sufferer lived in Barbadoes.*"

—The Rev. W. H. Milburn, "the blind man eloquent," presents a very attractive list of lectures for the consideration of lyceums, societies, etc., etc., during the coming winter. Five of these lectures are new, viz., "Charles Lamb," "Patrick Henry, the Demosthenes of the Revolution," "Alexander Hamilton, the great American Statesman," "John Randolph of Roanoke, Bard, Sage, and Tribune," and "An Evening with the Bards, Wits, and Humorists." It is needless to speak commendatory words of Mr. Milburn as a lecturer and speaker. The press of the whole country has testified to his remarkable ability on the platform, and his new lectures can not fail to enhance his popularity.

—Walter Savage Landor was born at Warwick, England, in 1775—just a century ago—and died at Florence in 1864, having reached his ninetieth year. His literary life is the longest on record, his first work having been published in 1795, his last in 1863. No man ever lived whose life seemed so utterly beyond any law but his own caprice. In his life he was the ungoverned Berserker of the Scandinavian sagas; in his writings he is the sage and philosopher who might have given lessons to Plato or Cicero.

—Office-holding in Maine is conducive to longevity. There are ten men living there who have been Governors of the State—Kent, A. P. Morrill, Hamlin, Williams, L. M. Morrill, Washburn, Colburn, Chamberlain, Perham, and Dingley. Four are over seventy.

—Paul Morphy, who is reported to be in an asylum in New Orleans, hopelessly insane, is now thirty-eight years old, and has had a remarkable career. His parents were wealthy, and educated him thoroughly. At the age of twenty-two he had become famous for his skill at chess. In 1857 he came to this city and vanquished all opponents at that game, and had at the same time much social success, his manner being very modest, graceful, and refined. In 1858 he went to Europe, where he overcame all the great chess players. In 1859 he returned to New Orleans, entered upon the legal profession, in which he was not very successful, and abandoned utterly the game which had given him fame throughout the world. The New Orleans *Picayune* says his daily routine of existence latterly "involved a walk on Canal Street every morning, where his dapper little figure—always scrupulously well dressed—became as well known and as regularly looked for as the noonday bell. After his daily promenade he retired from public gaze until evening, when he appeared in his box at the opera, where, it is said, he never missed a night. It is further related that during these years he permitted no friendly acquaintance; he was never known to associate with any body but his mother, and persistently repelled advances from those who, having been friends of his early youth, desired to renew their associations. He lived a strange life—a strange, moody, and peculiarly mournful man." About a year ago he began to lose his mental control, and several months ago was put in a private asylum. Some of his friends hold the theory that his malady had its start in the strain upon his mind in playing many and difficult games of chess.

—Only a few moments before Vice-President Wilson expired he said to a gentleman by his side: "I have sat in that Senate with eighty-three men who have passed away. What a record for a man! I do not think there is a man living who can say the same. I am not positive; but perhaps Senator Hamlin can. If I live my present term out, I shall be the sixth in the history of the country"— Here his voice fell. What he meant to say was lost.

—The most extensive cattle raiser in America, if not in the world, is Mr. J. W. Iliff, of Northern Colorado, whose ranch is 156 miles long, beginning at Julesburg on the east and extending to Greeley on the west. He cuts no hay for his cattle. They live the entire year on the rich native grass, and the percentage of loss is small. He now owns 26,000 head of cattle, and will have this number after his sales for the present year are completed. The number of calves branded this year will be about 5000 head, and his sales of three and four year old steers and fat cows will be about the same. He expects to realize $43 per head, net, on his sales this year, or, in the aggregate, say, $200,000.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Chief Justice Waite, in a private letter to a friend who had approached him on the subject, declines to be a candidate for the Presidency. "When I accepted it" (the office), he says, "my chief duty was not to make it a stepping-stone to something else, but to preserve its purity."

Fifteen students of Princeton College have been dismissed for being connected with secret college societies prohibited by the rules of that institution.

William B. Astor, son of the late John Jacob Astor, and one of the richest men in the United States, died at his residence in this city, November 24, in the eighty-fourth year of his age.

Official information has been received at Washington, showing that, in consequence of the war of the Liberians with the natives, much distress has been produced among the Liberians, some of whom in the interior settlements are almost in a state of starvation. It further appears that several of the natives, students at the theological college at Cape Palmas, are in sympathy with their fellow-natives, and give them encouragement in their attacks on the Liberians, and that a number of Englishmen are trading with the natives, supplying them with fire-arms, ammunition, and other means of war. In view of these facts, Dr. Peter Parker, Drs. Nichols and Lindsay, and Mr. Coppinger, Secretary of the American Colonization Society, called on President Grant to represent all the facts in the case, and to ask that a ship of war be sent to the African coast in the neighborhood of the settlements, with a view of giving encouragement and support to the Liberians, and to chastise such natives as may be within reach of its guns. The President, sympathizing with the Liberians, informed the committee that several weeks ago a vessel had been ordered thither for the purpose of affording protection to the Liberians in the manner indicated.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The London *Times* says that the British government has bought from the Khedive of Egypt all the shares he owned—177,000 out of 400,000—of the Suez Canal Company, paying him £4,000,000 for them. The Khedive made the proposition, and the British government accepted it, subject to the approval of Parliament. The announcement caused a great sensation in Paris. The *Moniteur* says there is no longer any doubt that England has an eye upon Egypt, and *Le Temps* declares that the purchase gives England the virtual suzerainty of that country.

The Paris journals have been officially warned that they will be prosecuted if they publish M. Paul de Cassagnac's speech made to the Bonapartists of Belleville November 23.

Anarchy reigns throughout Khokan. After General Kaufmann had left Namanghan for Khojend, the Kiptschaks rebelled, and surprised the former town. They invested the citadel and the Russian camp. The Russians resisted successfully for three days, when General Scobeleff returned and attacked the Kiptschaks, who fled, leaving 3800 dead on the field.

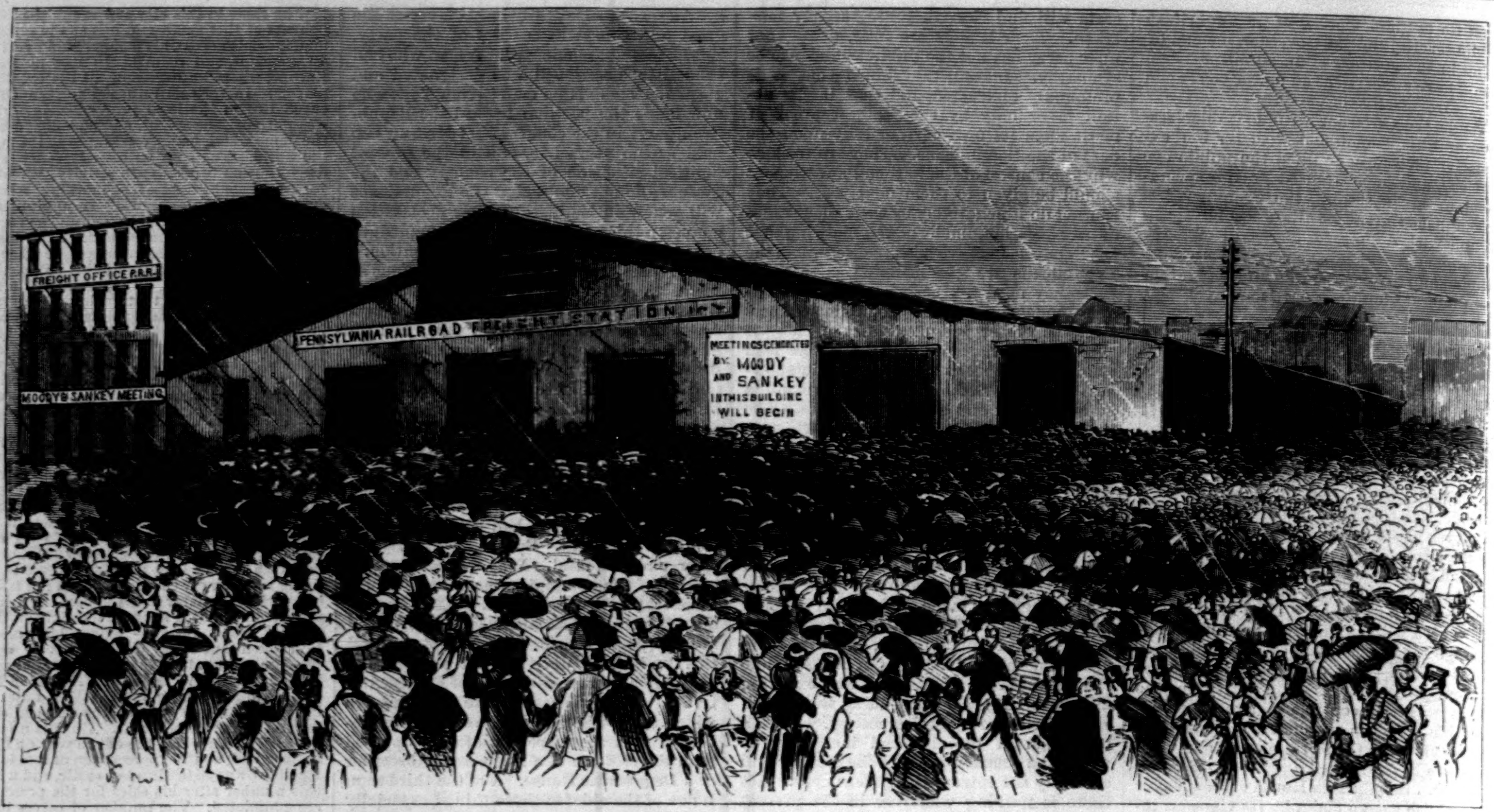
The French Assembly continues the discussion on the third reading of the Electoral Bill. An amendment offered by M. Barthe, moderate republican, forbidding the government suggesting candidates to the electors, was rejected by a vote of 314 yeas to 318 nays. M. Picard and other Deputies endeavored to elicit a declaration from the government as to whether it repudiated the system of official candidatures. Ministers Dufaure and Buffet evaded the question, the latter saying he could not add any thing to his previous explanations. The clause to insure secrecy in voting was also rejected.

The Prussian public prosecutor has applied to the Senate of the State Tribunal to indict Count von Arnim for treason, because of his alleged authorship of the pamphlet which recently appeared. The Senate has decided to answer the application in secret session.

A special dispatch from Paris to the London *Daily Telegraph* states that in the Spanish reply to the United States nothing is conceded to the latter except that the accused may invoke the aid of counsel before a court-martial in Cuba. A telegram from Madrid to the same paper says, so far as can be learned, Spain promises reform in the matter of confiscation of property, but declines to adhere to the treaty of 1795.

One of the survivors of the Magdalen Island fleet reports that six vessels were lost, and that only seventeen out of sixty-two persons on board were saved.

The Spanish General Quesada has captured San Cristobel, with all the Carlist positions in the neighborhood of Pampeluna, after three days' fighting. Twelve battalions of Carlists were routed with heavy loss. Don Carlos has issued a proclamation exhorting his soldiers to an energetic resistance against the fresh attack of the Northern army.



MOODY AND SANKEY IN PHILADELPHIA—OUTSIDE THE BUILDING.—[FROM A SKETCH BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

MOODY AND SANKEY.

THE revival movement was commenced in Philadelphia on Sunday morning, November 21, under the leadership of Mr. MOODY and Mr. SANKEY. The meetings are held in the old freight dépôt, at Thirteenth and Market streets, which has been fitted up for this purpose. The inclemency of the weather did not prevent the assembling of at least ten thousand people to attend the opening services. Hundreds of clergymen and prominent members of the different churches in and around Philadelphia were seated on the platform. Long before the hour of opening, the streets leading to the improvised dépôt-church were alive with people of almost every age and condition, and of both sexes. Thousands came by the various lines of passenger railway running by or near to the building, and other thousands wended their way thither on foot, many of them coming weary distances. Shortly after seven o'clock there was an immense and eager crowd in front of the building awaiting the opening of the doors, and the indications, even at that time, were that the interior, vast as it is, would not accommodate the multitude.

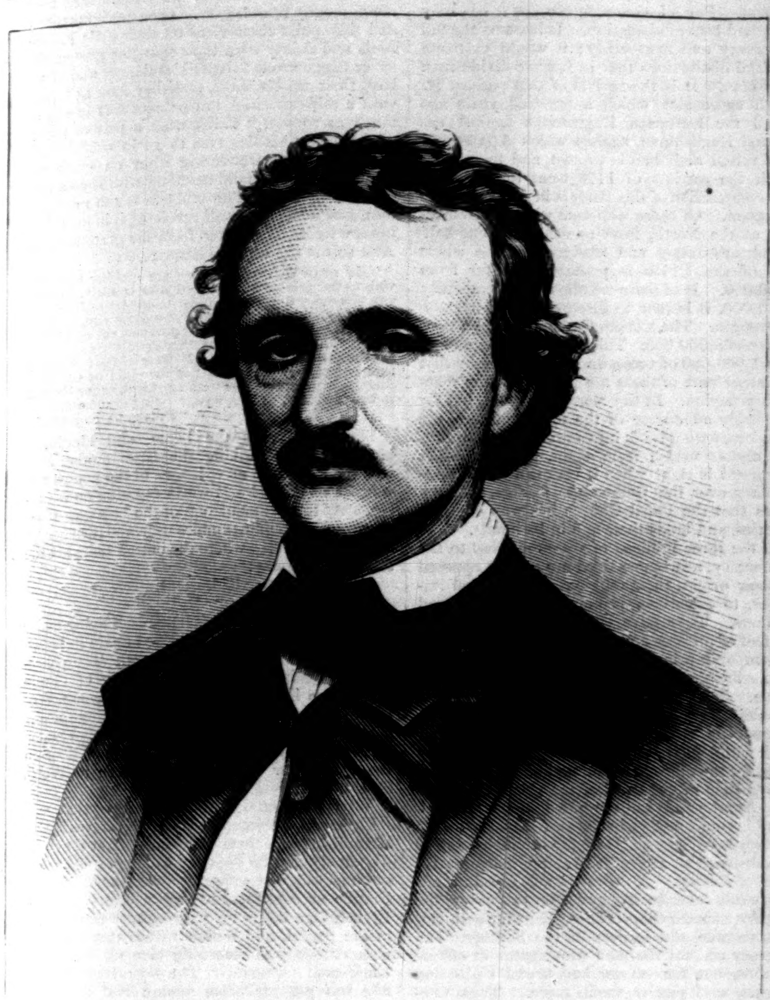
The scene within the building was most impressive. The congregation was not of the homogeneous character usually found at church services in cities, but was composed of persons of almost every age and station, and of both sexes and colors. The banker sat next the laborer, and the merchant beside the porter. The services did not differ in character from those recently held by Mr. MOODY and Mr. SANKEY in the Brooklyn Rink, and both preacher and singer appeared to impress the audience with a feeling of deep solemnity.

At the close of the morning services the revivalists were surrounded by an enthusiastic crowd anxious to shake hands and exchange a few words with them. One old lady grasped Mr. SANKEY'S hand, and in faltering tones informed him that she had been a worker in the holy cause for over thirty years. Several people pressed them to visit at their houses; but the revivalists replied to all such invitations that they had many places yet to visit besides Philadelphia, and they did not think they were physically able to do more than attend to the morning and evening duties.

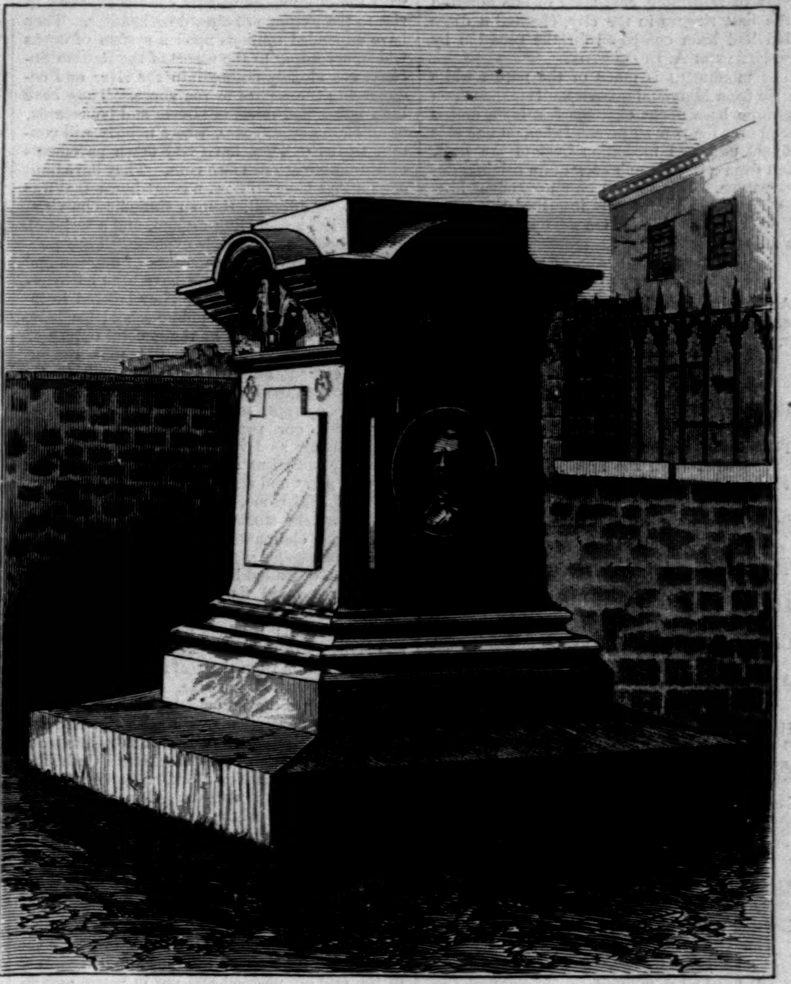
AN OLD LANDMARK GONE.

AN old landmark has been destroyed by the recent burning of the Market Street Bridge across the Schuylkill River, which connected West Philadelphia with the eastern section of the city. It was said to be the oldest and best wooden bridge in the country. It was erected by a bridge company incorporated in 1798, although, in consequence of many difficulties, the masonry was not commenced until the latter part of 1802. The bridge was four years in building, and cost about $300,000. The western pier was sunk in a depth of water remarkable in hydraulic architecture, the top of the rock upon which it stood being forty-one feet nine inches below common high tide. The dam for the western pier was of peculiar construction, and the design was furnished by WILLIAM WESTON, a celebrated English engineer. The bridge remained a toll-bridge in the hands of the company until about 1839, when it was purchased by the city. Important alterations, costing about $100,000, were made in 1850, since which the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has had the exclusive use of one of the two roadways, the other still continuing to be used by vehicles. At

MOODY AND SANKEY IN PHILADELPHIA—THE OPENING SERVICE.—[FROM A SKETCH BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]



EDGAR ALLAN POE.



POE'S MONUMENT AT BALTIMORE.—[From a Photograph by Daniel Bendann.]

the time of the fire a large gas main was being laid across the bridge for the purpose of making connections with the Centennial buildings. An escape of gas was noticed, and in the attempt to find the leak with a lighted match an explosion occurred. The flames rapidly extended to the dry wood-work, which caught like tinder, and all efforts to extinguish them were fruitless. In a short time the smouldering ruins of the old bridge fell into the river.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

The monument erected at Baltimore over the grave of Edgar Allan Poe was unveiled and dedicated November 17, in the presence of a large number of spectators. It was tardy justice to the memory of a man who, whatever his faults of character, was undoubtedly a great genius. The scene presented a striking contrast with the burial of the poet on a dreary October morning twenty-six years ago, when a single carriage followed his remains to the grave in Westminster Church-yard, where he was laid at rest beside his ancestors. The services, which were held in a hall adjoining Westminster Church, consisted of addresses by Professor Henry E. Shepherd and Mr. John H. Latrobe, the reading of a fine poem by William Winter, and of letters from Tennyson, Bryant, Whittier, and others.

At the conclusion of these services the assemblage withdrew from the hall and went to the church-yard, where the interesting ceremony of unveiling the monument took place. This was performed by Miss Sarah S. Rice, of the Western High School, Baltimore, who from first to last has taken the most active interest in the erection of the monument. She was assisted by the ladies who took part in the first literary entertainment in aid of the Poe Monument Association in the autumn of 1865. As the drapery

AN OLD LANDMARK GONE—RUINS OF THE MARKET STREET BRIDGE, PHILADELPHIA.—[From a Sketch by Theo. R. Davis.]

gracefully fell from the marble, the Philharmonic Society of Baltimore, composed of one hundred of the best singers in the city, chanted a dirge which had been composed for the occasion by Mrs. Eleanor A. Fullerton.

The monument is made of the purest white marble from Maryland quarries. It stands upon a granite base about eighteen feet high, and is placed over the poet's grave. It has on one side a finely executed medallion bust of the poet, taken from a photograph copy of an original daguerreotype. It is said to be an excellent likeness. Beneath the bust is inscribed the name "Edgar Allan Poe." On the opposite side is the following inscription:

Born January 20th, 1809.
Died October 7th, 1849.

A place has been left for an epitaph, which is is expected will be written by Alfred Tennyson.

THE FROST KING.

From out his winter palace
The King has started forth;
The birds have left their summer nests;
The wind is in the north.
The river and the mountain,
The brown and wrinkled sod,
Begin to show already where
His messengers have trod.

The clouds unroll their ermine,
And o'er meadow, lane, and street,
Like courtiers, spread their mantles down
Before the royal feet.
Close to the friendly corners
The sheltered ivies cling,
And wear their emerald cloaks despite
The coming of a King.

His mien and look are haughty,
His voice is cold and stern,
And yet his kisses on the cheek
Like crimson roses burn.
Down from the crested mountain,
With grandeur in his tread,
The Winter King is coming, with
A white crown on his head.

Not amid waving banners,
Or to the sound of drums
Beating their gladdest music,
This conquering hero comes;
But silently and solemnly
He enters his domain,
With twenty and a hundred good
Stout yeomen in his train.

Clasping the old earth tightly
Against his frozen breast,
As if she were his chosen Queen,
He says, "I bring thee rest.
Thou has reigned long and nobly,
Thy virtues all are known,
And thou wilt not forgotten be,
Though I possess the throne!"

Contentedly resigning
Her sceptre and her crown,
Beneath a downy coverlet
The weary queen lay down,
To sleep with her companions,
Who, at the touch of spring,
Shall rise again in time to see
The going of a King.

ULTRAMONTANES AND THE NEXT ELECTIONS.

The defeat of Tammany Hall at the recent election brought a sense of relief to every honest citizen. So powerful an agent for public robbery was probably never known in any city nor in any age. Governed by foreigners, ruled by a sectarian faction, looking to the papal court for its principles of morals and politics, a Roman Catholic society, with no sense of its duty to freedom, no motive of action but a ceaseless rapacity, this Irish and Catholic club has committed such a series of inexpiable crimes as might well awake a terrible retribution. The cave of Ali Baba was never enriched with so rare a spoil as has fallen to the lot of our Tammany thieves. The city owes $160,000,000, the greater part wasted, stolen, lost in the hands of its Irish rulers. It pays $36,000,000 annually to maintain its credit and to support the heavy expenses entailed upon it by the thefts and extravagance of this Roman Catholic club. Bankruptcy and repudiation have nearly come upon it from a ceaseless reign of robbery. It is quite impossible, indeed, that the present rate of taxation can continue, or that the people will consent any longer to endure their excessive burdens. And had Messrs. Tilden, Seymour, Kernan, and Kelly succeeded in once more fastening the rule of Tammany Hall upon New York, it might have been impossible to restrain that just indignation which its citizens have long repressed with honorable self-restraint. In any other city but an American one the people would have risen against their robbers; they would have expelled the foreign thieves; they would have broken up by force their odious haunt; they would have razed it to the ground. But it is the happy trait of free institutions that they offer a remedy for every political disease—that every new election may prove more potent than a revolution; and our patient citizens have borne robbery, violence, and ignominy in the hope of a peaceful relief.

Under the rule of its ultramontane Democracy, under the tyranny of its papal masters, the city of New York has been governed with a negligence, a contempt of honesty, an indifference to the welfare of the people, such as no other city, it may be safely affirmed, has ever endured. The ignorant, unprincipled, and vicious Irish Catholics who have forced themselves into its important offices have played such strange pranks with the city money and its various interests as rise to the extreme of absurd wickedness. They have expended millions upon a system of docks which, according to the report of the Reform Society, are already falling into the river and endangering the access to the shore. They have built uncounted miles of streets and boulevards, at an enormous expense, where nobody will consent to live. They have laid down pavements that crumble at once into ruin. They have built sewers that have no flow, a court-house that was never to be finished, Roman Catholic churches, protectories, a foundling asylum, and a series of papal schools, at the public expense. Their public charities have become scenes of outrage and horror. The public schools have been left overcrowded and dilapidated. They labored to reduce the salaries of the public-school teachers, and were only checked by the general outcry of the press. Slowly, indeed, did that remonstrance come. For to rule the Fourth Estate has been the favorite aim of papal intrigue. To bribe, to corrupt, to intimidate, the press of New York, our papal rulers squandered the public money so lavishly that $1,000,000 was at one period spent annually upon printers and journals great and small. When the temporary check of 1871 came, and Tilden and Kernan bent before the storm, it was found that among the largest claimants for fictitious debts were various newspapers. A part of our metropolitan press, degraded by the gifts of robbers, has not yet recovered its purity. It still clamors against an honest Comptroller; it still defends Tammany Hall; it labors by fierce and groundless slanders of noted Republicans to turn away public attention from the real terrors and robberies of an ultramontane rule. Whoever remonstrates against the perpetual plunder of a sectarian faction, it assails with Irish ribaldry and Celtic shamelessness. When it is pointed out that all our public thieves are Roman Catholics, in Brooklyn and in New York, or lean on Roman Catholic support, it dares not deny the charge, but labors to conceal the truth in calumny. But the taint of death is upon it, and the people will turn away from it contemptuously. Happily we have journals that have never sold themselves to Tammany Hall, and a purer race of editors must spring up among us, conscious of the high duties of letters in a republic.

An outlay of $160,000,000, which we have yet to pay, and for which all the declining resources of the city are pledged and put in pawn, and an annual charge of $36,000,000, which must be raised by taxation from the industrious and the frugal, are the fruits of a Roman Catholic rule and of the frequent successes of Tammany Hall. To this Messrs. Tilden, O'Conor, and Kernan have lent all their aid. For this Messrs. Kelly and Morrissey have placed a Governor and Senator in office; and no sooner were the Tammany leaders again in power in 1875 than they began anew to squander and to bribe. The boulevards, the docks, Riverside Park, the aqueduct, and the sewers opened a fair field for incurring debt and a limitless waste. It was eagerly embraced. The passion for plunder had not died out. Our Irish Catholic leaders felt, perhaps, that their last opportunity was at hand. They proposed to add to the debt $6,000,000 for Riverside Park, a million and a half for a parade-ground, millions for worthless docks, for useless officials and incompetent heads of departments. But for the salutary checks of the Comptroller and the Republicans, they might have added from five to ten millions to the city debt annually, and the system which was begun under Tweed and Hoffman must have ended in the bankruptcy of New York under Kelly and Tilden. That peril is for a moment averted. The Republican Legislature will protect our suffering citizens. The city will be stopped in its rapid progress toward financial ruin. But let us not rejoice as if we had been wholly victorious, or had forever destroyed the foreign association that has so long preyed upon us. The ultramontane leaders are already rising from their defeat; their ignorant followers are gathering once more to their aid. Idle, vicious, fanatical, they have too long lived upon the plunder of the industrious to return easily to honest labor, and our unlucky city will never be safe from spoliation and decay until it has crushed with a relentless severity the whole ultramontane Democracy.

An alliance between the papal priests and the Democratic politicians has made the metropolis of the Union an example of shameless misgovernment and of extraordinary dishonesty. But Tammany Hall is once more raising its odious front. It is preparing for the election of 1876, and the Roman Catholic Democracy will join all its strength to seize the control of the national government. Never was there so important a political contest as that which is opening upon us. A hundred years ago our ancestors believed that they had consecrated the New World to religious liberty and perpetual freedom. In 1876 all the enemies of knowledge, of education, of religious toleration, and American principles will be united under the Democratic leaders in an effort to reverse the teachings of a century of progress. All that ignorant and idle population which has squandered the resources of New York will rush forward to fasten upon the national Treasury, and the financiers who have covered the metropolis with a debt of $160,000,000 will hope for no inconsiderable share of the boundless plunder of the Union. Tammany Hall will be the centre and the key-stone of the papal Democracy. Every element of disunion and of discord will be set in motion to defeat the progress of republicanism and of knowledge. There is among us a party altogether European and reactionary in its tendencies. It sees nothing in American manners and institutions worthy of respect, in the course of freedom but corruption and decay. In American education there is, it thinks, only a "godless and immoral" element. For all American officials it has only sharp and bitter defamation. It laments the fall of slavery and aristocracy; it would cultivate the fatal distinctions that in Europe divide man from man. It is the revival of that passion for selfish supremacy which a hundred years ago armed the European Englishman against the colonial Englishman, against which Adams and Otis raised their heroic protest, and to conquer which the patriots of 1776 went forth to die. The composition of this party is in great measure European. Of those who vote with the Democracy at the North, from one-third to one-half are ultramontanes and foreigners. The whole vote of the Union is probably not far from 7,000,000. If of these we allow the Democracy 3,000,000, it is easy to discover the sources of its strength. The Roman Catholics claim a population of 8,000,000. This would give them more than 1,000,000 of votes, and it is safe to say that the larger part of these are pledged to the reactionary faction. In the Northern States, but for the steady adherence of the ultramontanes, the Democracy would sink into a miserable minority, and almost vanish from sight. The *Catholic Telegraph* is right when it claims a kind of supremacy over the Democratic leaders, and declares that the Papal Church has won all their victories, and holds their fate in its hands.

Of the three millions of voters allowed to the Democracy, nearly one-third are plainly opposed by their origin, their religious and national impulses, to American principles, education, and manners. They have been taught to kneel at the feet of prelates and priests, and kiss the hand of temporal princes. They look to Rome for their education, and to a Roman priest as their oracle. They are always loudest in defaming Republican officials, and the chief source of every Democratic victory. They have pillaged New York with signal activity for twenty years; they thirst for the plunder of the nation. Such is the composition of one-third of the Democratic party. Another third, if not one-half—an array of a million and more of voters—is to be found in the Southern States. Here the principle of caste prevails with all the severity enforced by generations of slavery. A depraved and dissolute minority rules over society by terror, and covers the country with ceaseless crimes. Uneducated, violent, terrible, the leaders of the Southern Democracy are not the men who appear in official stations, but the savage and brutal clubs and leagues who placed them there. Thus two-thirds of the Democratic party are made up of ultramontanes and former rebels, of the worst-educated and most dangerous classes of our people. Of the remaining third, composed of Protestants and patriotic Roman Catholics, of Germans who have been misled into an alliance with the ultramontanes, of honest citizens who have not yet discovered the corruptions of their leaders, it may be hoped that few will be found at the election of 1876 swelling the hosts of ignorance, fanaticism, and rebellion.

In New York the league of the ultramontanes and the Democracy under the Tammany leaders has hurried on the city almost to bankruptcy and repudiation. It was checked, happily, for a time. It has sprung up from its fall, and in 1876 prepares to struggle for the mastery of the Union. The Democratic party in 1876 will therefore consist of one-third part ultramontanes, controlled by such journals as the *Catholic Telegraph* and by such prelates as Bishops Ryan and M'Quaid. Another third part will be under the terrible rule of men who have covered the Southern States with disorder and crime. It remains to be seen whether the Tammany leaders can still hold the remaining third faithful, whether Protestant or unsectarian Democrats, South or North, the intelligent Germans, the patriotic Irish, will consent to go to the polls in 1876 in company with the vast host of rebels and ultramontanes, and labor to place the government of Samuel Adams, Washington, Jefferson, and Lee in the hands of the bitterest enemies of freedom and of knowledge.

Eugene Lawrence.

BLUE SATIN BOOTS.

They had been sitting opposite each other some time in the street car, the shabby little girl with the soft black eyes, and Simon Holt, the young farmer from Ducktown, who has journeyed all the way to New York in search of a newly patented plow, with which he proposes to experiment upon the arid soil of his native farm.

Ching! goes the car bell, there is a movement among the passengers, and the shabby little girl is gone. But there on the seat is a brown paper parcel. Simon catches it up, rushes wildly from the car, and finds himself on a street corner, no shabby little girl in sight, and himself unexpectedly the possessor of a mysterious bundle, the contents of which he is ignorant of, equally with the whereabouts of its owner.

For half an hour he goes up one street and down another, peering anxiously under the bonnet of every female he meets, in search of those black eyes. He is jeered at by small boys, who express their disgust at his brand-new overcoat, followed suspiciously by policemen, comes near getting into a fight with an inebriated fellow-creature, and finally goes discontentedly back to his modest hotel on Fourth Avenue, the parcel still in his possession. Once in his room, he turns the little bundle over and over and upside down in search of an address, and finally bethinks himself of opening it. With the opening of the bundle Simon opens his eyes. His hard fingers have come in contact with something so soft and delicate; and there, disencumbered from their wrappings, stand the cunningest, daintiest, nattiest, little pair of blue satin boots that ever were made. Simon scarcely dare touch them, for fear of soiling their delicate white embroidery, but he puts them on the table, where they incontinently tumble over. Then he rights them, and they poise themselves on their little French heels and dainty toes, their spangles glisten, the silver fringe around the ankles dances and trembles, their tassels wave, and they look at Simon with a self-conceited, impertinent sort of air, as much as to say, "Think what a pair of feet it ought to be that deserves to go in us!" Then Simon falls to wondering what on earth the shabby little girl could be doing with such a pair of boots as that. The problem is too much for him, and while he is still revolving it in his mind, his eye lights on a letter from his grandmother. And this is the way the letter runs:

"My dear Grandson,—You are making your first visit to the great metropolis of your country. I hope you will enjoy the many wonderful and beautiful things it has to show; but remember, I entreat you, what St. Paul has said concerning the 'perils of the city.' Remember that where you are there are always snares set for the feet of the unwary. Beware of the seductions that encompass you. Let not the child of Christian parents, who are at rest with the Lord, suffer himself to be led astray. Always your loving grandmother,

"Priscilla N. Holt."

Simon looks at the boots, and absolutely blushes. He is thinking what Grandmother Holt would say to such an evidence of the pomps and vanities of this wicked world reposing on his table. At this moment one of the boots, as if resenting the thought, tumbles over, and then Simon sees inside the flap where the button-holes are the following address:

"Miss Coralie Dumont,
No. —— Worth Street."

Presto! grandmother's letter goes flying under the bed, the boots are enveloped again in brown paper, and Simon is in the street. The policemen recognize him on the corner of Centre Street, and become quite certain the countrified-looking young man is "up to something queer," the small boys repeat their attentions, and Simon finds himself knocking at a dilapidated door on the third floor of a tenement-house in Worth Street.

What a dismal little voice it is that says "Come in!" Simon sees the black eyes again, streaming with tears this time. But they stop so quickly that he does not even get a chance to see how this new phase becomes them, for Miss Coralie springs forward with a bound, the little French face lights up with ecstasy at the sight of the parcel, and Simon wishes that the business of life was returning blue satin boots to black-eyed owners. "The boots! the boots!" She has got the boots again; and then Miss Coralie proves beyond all peradventure that she does not know how to behave herself, for she seizes Simon's sunburned hand in her own little one and kisses it. And Simon— Wait until we have a whole new vocabulary of words, and I will tell you how Simon felt.

After this it did not take them long to get acquainted, and in less than two hours little Coralie has told Simon her whole history. First, there is Mrs. Muggins. Mrs. Muggins lives on the first floor, and she is the good-natured old "lady" (dare to call Mrs. Muggins any thing but a "lady" and you will show at once your ignorance of social propriety in Worth Street) who has brought Coralie up ever since the broken-hearted mother died in the old tenement-house, and left her little daughter to the kind-hearted Irishwoman's care. Then there is M. Alphonse. He lives in the top story, and is the third violin at Niblo's. In France he was a dancing master, and now he is teaching Coralie to dance, and she is going to make her début in the new ballet in November. Then there is Papa Brown. He is employed at Jeffers's; so is his wife; and they have made the wonderful blue satin boots for Coralie to wear on that occasion, and it is quite certain no other danseuse will be so magnificently shod. But M. Alphonse is at home, and he must be introduced to the kind gentleman who has brought back the lost boots. So Coralie trips off, and Simon is left bewildered at the society into which he has fallen—a ballet dancer and a fiddler belonging to Niblo's Theatre. Now Simon knows very little about a theatre, only that it is one of those snares of Satan denounced by grandma; a sort of wilderness of sin which he has never liked to shock the old lady's prejudices by exploring.

Then M. Alphonse comes in, and Coralie trips off to tell the story of the boots to Mrs. Muggins. The little Frenchman beams enthusiastically upon Simon. "Ze leetle girl is scharm, delight, ze m'sieu ees so goot to fine ze boots." Then M. Alphonse, growing confidential, gives him some particulars of Coralie's simple story. If the simple-hearted Frenchman could have known what Simon's early education had taught him to think of the Terpsichorean art, he would never have given the young man such a pathetic history of his efforts to teach Coralie to dance. "An' I can do nosing wit her, m'sieu. S'e can not dance. No, Sair, not vun bit." At this point M. Alphonse would tear his hair and look positively wretched. But Coralie came in directly, and then the old man's face lighted up with pleasure, and somehow the reflection got into Simon's face; and when the small dancer in embryo made them a cup of coffee, three people in Worth Street were ridiculously happy, and all about nothing.

When Simon went home that night, he felt that his feet had wandered into strange places. And the worst of it was, his feet kept wandering there. The small boys got used to him, and when the policemen found they had no occasion to arrest him, they gradually assumed a friendly look. M. Alphonse began to play the parent of chaperon with an anxious air, but Mrs. Muggins winked her eye, and said it was "all right."

So time went on until the night of Coralie's début. Now Simon had never yet entered the theatre, but when Coralie purred and coaxed, he consented to go. M. Alphonse procured him a little ticket that would admit him at the stage-

door, and then he was to watch the ballet from the sides of the scenery until little Coralie had finished her part, when he and Mrs. Muggins were to bring her home. Thus it was that Simon found himself at a theatre, and not only that, but behind the scenes.

What Simon felt when he found himself among that wilderness of ropes and wood-work, how he blushed when he observed the curtailed nature of the attire worn by the coryphées, I can not attempt to describe. But when Coralie executed a pirouette before him, and asked him "if she didn't look nice," his hair stood on end.

The music begins. The *première danseuse* comes upon the scene and receives an enthusiastic welcome. Then she stands first on one toe and then on the other, and finally on both. Now she flies back and forth and round about, in waves and curves and circles, and jumps and springs and prances, until Simon feels every bone in his body ache in sympathy for her. At last the great lady has exhausted herself, and retires to the back of the stage to get her breath. Then the coryphées come forward, each one is to execute a little *pas seul*, and Coralie is the second on the list. The first one does her part creditably and falls back. Now comes Coralie. M. Alphonse grows pale in the orchestra, and growls to his mustache, "S'e can not dance, not vun bit."

Nor does she. She bows to the audience, and bows too low. The gauzy skirts descend to the foot-lights, a tiny jet of flame seizes upon them. Simon is the first to see the catastrophe. Quicker than thought he seizes a piece of canvas that once represented the forest of Dunsinane, wraps it round the shrieking girl, rushes through the stage-door into the streets, and runs half a block before he knows what he is about.

Now there can be no more embarrassing situation in life to a bashful young man from the country than to stand in the middle of a crowded city street with a bundle in his arms consisting of a young lady in tarlatan and tights, wrapped in a canvas forest, with two blue satin boots protruding from the trunk of a tree.

But Simon is a man of resources. A passing cab-man is soon hailed, and our young countryman retires to the depths of the vehicle with his charge, while cabby grins and drives to Worth Street. Then Simon makes a discovery that appalls him. The whole world is shrouded in darkness because two black eyes refuse to open.

Very soon Mrs. Muggins arrives, breathless, followed by M. Alphonse. The black eyes are opened by the use of a little salts of ammonia, and the *débutante* is soundly scolded and put to bed.

"Vat sall I do? vat sall I do?" groans M. Alphonse. "S'e is goot for nosing—goot for nosing."

Now Simon begins to talk. He has evidently got something to say, but he blushes and stammers until M. Alphonse is nearly driven out of his senses. "Vat a fool a man ees who can not speak hees own language!" thinks the poor Frenchman. But Mrs. Muggins comes in, and her female intelligence springs to the root of the matter at once. In fact, she has seen it all along.

Two days later Simon writes a letter to grandma. Oh, wily Simon, what an amount of wickedness New York has taught you in two months! He is going to "bring a wife back with him to Ducktown." Then he tells grandma the name, and puts in a sort of collateral suggestion about the good old Huguenot families of France. Then he proceeds to insinuate to grandma that it is a very childish little woman he will bring back with him, and that she will need a great deal of patience and instruction from the good grandmother at the old farm.

Now grandma has always dreaded that her reign might come to an end when Simon's wife came to the homestead, and the idea of a simple little girl, in whose veins runs the blood of men and women who suffered and died for the Protestant faith, pleases the old lady, who would have been a gentle-hearted woman if so much of her life had not been an anxious endeavor to discover and thwart the wiles of Satan.

Coralie was now perfectly happy. She did not have to stand on her toes while M. Alphonse scolded. There was nothing to do but run about Central Park with Simon, while Mrs. Muggins made purchases of dismal-looking dry-goods, and had them made up so plainly that, when Mr. and Mrs. Simon Holt finally got into a railroad car bound for Ducktown, the bride might have been mistaken for a Quakeress.

Fully two years after these events the investigating fingers of an irrepressible baby pulled a blue satin boot from the depths of a bureau drawer at the old farm-house at Ducktown. Grandma could not believe her eyes, and when she measured the length with a certain pair of shoes belonging to Mrs. Simon, her consternation knew no bounds. Then the whole story came out. But what could be done? Coralie had been a faithful little member of the great Congregational Church for a whole year, and Simon explained to grandma that she had never danced at a theatre, only tried to do so, and set herself on fire. She was "a brand plucked from the burning," you see. On this view grandma could be reconciled. But who did the plucking? Simon thought he did it; but Coralie laid her little hand on the great Bible, and said it was "grandma."

But what was to be done with the blue satin boots? Alas! they were to be sacrificed. A great fire was made in the kitchen, and the holocaust was prepared. Simon protested, but all in vain. Only, when the gorgeous little boots were laid on the flames, one tassel was missing. It certainly did seem a pity to destroy so much beauty; but Coralie insisted, and Simon lay down on the old kitchen floor and watched the flames arise. When the last spangle had disappeared, he gathered two little shoes into his great hands, and though it was a very undignified proceeding, I must confess that he kissed them.

Now I think the holocaust was the right thing to do; for if blue satin boots are not a gratification of the "sinful lusts of the flesh," what are they? But that one tassel still exists, and it goes to church every Sunday in the breast pocket of Simon's best coat.

CARPETS.

THE manufacture of carpets is of the greatest antiquity. We read of them in the sacred writings, and they have been found among the ruins of Pompeii and other ancient cities. Woven carpets, such as are now so common, were first used in the East, where the custom of sitting cross-legged on the floor still renders them especially useful. Our rude English forefathers covered the floors of their houses with rushes, hay, or straw, and in Norwegian farm-houses, where so many ancient customs still exist, the floor of the best room is commonly strewed with juniper twigs. The first step toward a woven carpet was made by plaiting rushes to form a matting.

The Turks and Persians were the first to bring the art of carpet-making to any degree of perfection. India and Tunis also manufactured them in great quantities, and those countries for a long period supplied Europe with these articles of luxury. In the Middle Ages carpets were first used before the high altar and certain parts of the chapter in abbeys. Bedside carpets are spoken of as early as 1301, and in drawings of the fifteenth century the royal throne is represented as being surrounded by a carpet of a simple flower pattern. Turkey carpets before the communion table are noticed in the reigns of Edward VI., Elizabeth, and James.

The manufacture of carpets is said to have been introduced into Europe by the French in the reign of Henry IV. The largest manufactory was that of Chaillot, or the royal manufactory of La Savonière (the Soap-House), situated about a league from Paris. These carpets were of wool, and were worked in the manner of velvet, as in the modern Wilton. A manufactory was also opened in England during the reign of Henry VIII.; but this industry was not permanently established until 1685, when the revocation of the Edict of Nantes drove half a million of Protestants from France, many of whom settled in England, and set up the manufacture of carpets. The method of weaving velvet carpets was introduced into London about the year 1750, by two workmen who left Chaillot in consequence of some dispute, and went to England for employment. They were encouraged by a Mr. Moore, to whose assiduity the manufacture of carpets in England is principally owing. But after a time these men left Mr. Moore, and in company with a Frenchman named Parisot established two other manufactories, under the patronage and with the pecunia y assistance of the Duke of Cumberland. Mr. Moore was, however, a formidable rival to the scheme. His manufactory flourished, and in 1757 he obtained a premium from the Society of Arts for the production of the best imitation of a Turkey carpet. The Turkey carpet, however, consumes a larger quantity of material, and the process of making it is very slow; hence it is an expensive article. The introduction of other and cheaper modes of weaving carpets led to a general taste for this luxury, so that very soon a room not covered with a carpet was considered as unfurnished; and in a country like England, where wool was abundant, it was easy to reduce the cost of manufacture until carpets were within the reach of nearly every one. On the continent of Europe, however, this taste has never become common, and the inlaid floor, polished with wax, is still continued in the houses of the wealthy, while in poorer houses the plain deal boards remain without a covering.

The real Turkey carpet is made in one piece. Those manufactured by the Orientals are usually too small for use in this country. The patterns consist merely of curved and angular strips of variegated but dark and unobtrusive colors. The warp is of strong linen or cotton, to which bunches or tufts of colored worsted are tied according to the pattern, a drawing of which is placed before the weaver to copy. The surface is afterward shorn level. Young girls are employed in making these carpets. Their nimble fingers tie the colored worsteds with great rapidity, and, from constant practice, they know which particular color to use without referring to the pattern sheet.

It is probable that the smooth turf first suggested the use of the carpet, and the flowers that decorate the one may have suggested the ornaments for the other. It is to be regretted that the suggestion should have been forgotten in designing patterns for carpets, for, instead of the beautiful and simple objects which adorn the turf, we often see on carpets architectural scrolls and heavy decorations, pictures of animals, etc., on which it would be impossible to walk if the real instead of the simulated objects were placed on the ground. Design in the useful arts, when regulated by common-sense and propriety, without which good taste can not exist, would not place on the floor ornaments intended for the wall or the vertical lines of a building. The carpets of Turkey and Persia, which present to us the most ancient mode of carpet-weaving, do not err in this respect. They are soft in texture, pleasant alike to the feet and eyes, presenting not a pattern, but a harmonious shading or grouping, not of light and bright colors, such as would soon soil, and require the absurd anomaly of another carpet of inferior material placed upon it to preserve it, but of dark unobtrusive colors which give repose to the eye, and do not divert the attention from the lighter and more brilliant decorations of the walls and ceilings. These latter, not being trampled upon, are not liable to soil, and, indeed, require to be light and bright in order to reflect the light of the room, and thus contribute to its cheerfulness; but it is not so with the carpet, which should be quiet both in color and design.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

DECEMBER, 1875.

Sunday,	12.—Third Sunday in Advent.
Sunday,	19.—Fourth Sunday in Advent.
Tuesday,	21.—St. Thomas.
Saturday,	25.—Christmas.
Sunday,	26.—First Sunday after Christmas—St. Stephen.
Monday,	27.—St. John the Evangelist.
Tuesday,	28.—Holy Innocents.

JANUARY, 1876.

Saturday,	1.—Circumcision.
Sunday,	2.—Second Sunday after Christmas.
Thursday,	6.—Epiphany.
Sunday,	9.—First Sunday after Epiphany.
Sunday,	16.—Second Sunday after Epiphany.
Sunday,	23.—Third Sunday after Epiphany.
Tuesday,	25.—Conversion of St. Paul.
Sunday,	30.—Fourth Sunday after Epiphany.

MESSRS. MOODY and SANKEY have opened their mission in Philadelphia with such manifestations of interest as show the eager desire of the people to see and hear them. An account of the services on the first day will be found on page 1000. On Thanksgiving morning a prayer-meeting was held at eight o'clock in the freight dépôt. There were said to be 8000 persons present at that early hour. At night the same building was filled long before the hour of service; it became necessary to lock the doors, in order to prevent overcrowding. Weekly meetings are held by the pastors of New York, preparatory to the opening of Gilmore's Concert Garden for the revivalists in February next. About New-Year Mr. MOODY expects to be in Chicago, to assist at the dedication of the church with which he has been so long connected.

What is likely to be the result of priestly interference with the public schools appeared very plainly recently in Newtown, Connecticut. Mr. ARTHUR DAY, Jun., the son of a Baptist minister of New Haven, is the teacher of the free school of the village. Father M'CARTIN is the Roman Catholic priest. Calling at the school at the hour of opening, Father M'CARTIN interrupted the teacher's reading of the Scriptures, and directed the Catholic children to pay no attention to such reading thereafter. Mr. DAY informed him that he was duly authorized to read the Scriptures to the children, and should continue to do so. The matter was brought before the Board of Education, which passed a resolution declaring that it was "perfectly proper for any teacher of a public school in this town to open school by reading the Bible, without note or comment, and to preserve order while exercising such right." Some days after, Mr. DAY found that his copy of the Bible had been stolen. One morning in the latter part of October all the Catholic children refused to listen to the Scripture reading, and upon being reproved, withdrew. Before long Father M'CARTIN appeared, bringing the Catholic children back with him. He again directed them to pay no attention to the Bible reading. Mr. DAY, resenting this interference, requested him to leave the room. Father M'CARTIN gave no heed to the request, and was then told that if he would not leave he would be ejected forcibly. A scuffle followed, which resulted in the expulsion of the priest. The children, thoroughly frightened, fled from the building. The next morning a mob collected about the school-house and opposed Mr. DAY's entrance. This time the reading of the Bible was prevented. Since these occurrences Mr. DAY has been grossly insulted on the streets by young men and boys, and pelted with stones.

We have confidence that New England "grit" will show itself equal to this emergency. The people of Connecticut will not suffer the Bible to be put out of their schools by violence. The town Board of Education is the authority constituted by law for the determination of this question. The insolent dictation of Father M'CARTIN should be rebuked as it deserves to be. What right has he to override the school board in this fashion?

Bishop CUMMINS has recently laid the corner-stone of the Third Reformed Episcopal Church of Philadelphia at Germantown, and also the corner-stone of the Church of the Redeemer in Baltimore.

At a recent meeting of the national association which has for its object the insertion of a religious clause in the Constitution of the United States, measures were taken to secure incorporation under the name of the "National Reform Association." The objects contemplated will be the retention of the Bible in the common schools, the defense of the judicial oath, the observance of the Christian Sabbath, and the recognition of God in all new State Constitutions.

The "Christian" denomination has taken as its appropriate work for the Centennial year the erection of a memorial church in Brooklyn.

The effects of the preaching of Messrs. WHITTLE and BLISS in Louisville early in the present year are reported to be of a permanent character. Two hundred members have been added to one Presbyterian church and one hundred to another. Other churches have also made gains. A tabernacle is in process of erection for preaching "to the masses." It will, when completed, accommodate 2000 persons. Sunday-night services are also held in a theatre, which is filled to overflowing.

The evangelical societies of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States held their annual meetings in Philadelphia during the month of November. The Missionary Society reported for the year receipts amounting to $58,093. The number of missionaries now in its service is forty-three. They are employed in the United States and in Mexico. In the latter republic appropriations are made to further the operations of the "Church of Jesus," which has now fifty-seven organized congregations. Of this number seven congregations are in the capital city. The society's appropriation for Mexico is $10,000 annually in gold. The Evangelical Education Society reported receipts during 1875 to the amount of $22,305. The Hon. FELIX R. BRUNOT was elected president for the year.

The series of meetings announced to be held by the Universalists of New York and its vicinity is reported as having been very successful. The plan proposed a meeting of a week's duration in each one of seven important churches, beginning with Dr. NYE's church, in Brooklyn, and ending with Dr. CHAPIN's, in New York. The attendance has been good, and the interest of the people very perceptible. Similar meetings have been begun in Philadelphia.

A Canadian Baptist missionary, who writes home from the Godavery district of India, makes havoc of the rhetoric often carelessly employed in the advocacy of Christian missions. He advises his friends not to "think of the heathen as stretching out their hands to us and pleading for the Gospel. Such language is sometimes used at home, but it has no foundation in fact. There have been cases where, after a number of persons have become interested in Christianity, they have asked for a teacher to be sent to them; but the heathen, especially the upper classes, despise the missionary and his Gospel. The beseeching and pleading are on the other side." It would be well to keep in mind that even the best cause may be harmed by an extravagant representation of it on the part of its promoters.

The National Lutheran Sunday-school Convention (of the churches in connection with the General Synod), which was held at Wooster, Ohio, was well attended. It was determined to hold a like Convention every two years. Strong resolutions on Sabbath desecration were adopted, especially condemning the opening of the Centennial Exposition on Sundays. Resolutions were also adopted protesting against a division of State school funds or grants of public money for sectarian uses.

The religious condition of England presents to an attentive observer some points of great interest. One of these is the calm which has followed the going into effect of the new law for the regulation of public worship. It was generally expected that after the 1st of July, 1875, there would be a great commotion; on the contrary, there has been perfect peace. There have been as yet very few instances of complaint. It may be that the clergymen who have in former times transgressed have altered their practice. There is manifested an evident disposition to conform to legal requirements and to avoid collision with the new judicatories.

GUIBORD, now buried in the Catholic cemetery, remains, as far as is known, undisturbed. The bishops of Ontario have issued a pastoral, in which they say, "In virtue of the divine power which we exercise in the name of the Pastor of pastors, the place where this rebellious son of the Church is deposited is separated from the rest of the cemetery, to be no more than a profane place, an ordinary piece of ground." On the relation of the spiritual to the civil authority they take this position: "Civil power is from God for the well-being of society, and its own limits are bounded by the same law of the same God from whom it derives its authority. It has no right to interfere with the preaching of the true Gospel and the establishment of the religion of Christ, when the means taken are peaceful." This statement may mean much or little, according to the convenience of its authors. Within a few years the Pope has declared certain laws of Austria and Prussia null and void. Is that also a limitation to which civil authority is subject?

The leading religious opponents, in our country, of secret societies have formed themselves into a corporate body under the title of "The National Christian Association." The specific objects of the corporation will be to form a national anti-secret-society fund, and to secure and hold the gift of a considerable property in Chicago from Mr. PHILO CARPENTER. The corporators, forty-six in number, are said to be members of the Baptist, Congregational, Episcopal, Methodist, Wesleyan, United Brethren, United Presbyterian, Reformed Presbyterian, and one or two other denominations. The next annual business meeting, it is announced, will be held in June, 1876.

The Rev. Dr. SCHNEIDER and his wife, who have spent over forty years as missionaries in Turkey, have returned to the United States. Dr. SCHNEIDER's health is quite broken down.

Mr. GEORGE SMITH, of the British Museum, has left England for Assyria, with the intention of resuming his explorations. He will be absent six months.

In the presentation of MINGHETTI's bill in relation to the tenure of church property, Italy takes another step forward. The bill proposes to give the laity a voice in the selection of priests, and a part in the administration of parish property. Its design is to break the yoke of episcopal tyranny. The bishops now implicitly obey the bidding of the Vatican; the state interposes by setting the parishes in a measure free from episcopal control. In an important speech which the minister has recently delivered he states thus the grounds of this new legislation: "We wish the Church to be left free, but within the circle and the limits which the state shall trace for it, and which should be of a nature unprejudicial to its own rights. I can understand that with this system there is reason to fear lest the Roman pontificate should destroy all liberty within the Catholic body, that the prerogatives of the episcopate, of the minor clergy, and of the laity may be suppressed and extinguished if the state does not take their defense in hand.... What the state can do is to create legislatively opportune conditions, and to open the way for the Catholic laity and the inferior clergy to claim their rights."

"SYMPATHY."

"I canna but believe that dowgs hae sowls," says the Ettrick Shepherd, in one of his poems; and certainly they often display qualities which imply the existence of something superior to mere instinct. Like many other animals of the lower species, they share with man the attributes of reason, language, memory, a sense of moral responsibility, unselfishness, love, and friendship. Our illustration shows an instance of sympathy between two canine companions. The little fellow's compassion for his big friend who is laid up by a wound in the foot is as tender and genuine as the sympathy of one child for another who is suffering. Many instances of this sort will be found in an interesting book entitled *Man and Beast*, by the Rev. J. G. Wood, recently published by the Harpers, a part of which appeared serially in *Harper's Weekly*, under the title of "The Higher Life of Animals."

NURSERY FOLK-LORE.

Throughout the Scottish borders and in the northern counties of England peculiar rites and customs are bound up with every stage of human life. The nursery especially has a folk-lore of its own. To begin with, the future character and fortunes of the infant may be divined from the day of the week on which it is born. Thus:

"Monday's child is fair of face,
Tuesday's child is full of grace,
Wednesday's child is full of woe,
And Thursday's child has far to go;
Friday's child is loving and giving,
And Saturday's child works for its living;
But the child that is born on the Sabbath-day
Is blithe and bonnie and good and gay."

Sunday's children are in Yorkshire deemed secure from the malice of evil spirits. In Germany they are also held to be privileged beings, but their immunities are not so clearly defined. In Denmark, however, they have prerogatives by no means to be coveted. They are able, for instance, to see much more than other people. One unfortunate woman born upon a Sunday was not able to pass by a church at night without seeing a ghost or spectre. Being of a timid disposition, she was at last frightened to death by the sight of one unusually horrible apparition.

In Scotland the birth of an infant is the signal for plenty of eating and drinking. Tea, duly qualified with brandy or whisky, and a profusion of short-bread and buns are provided for all visitors, and it is very unlucky to allow any one to leave the house without his share of these good things. But most important of all is the "shooten," or groaning cheese, from which the happy father must cut a "whang o' luck" for the lassies of the company, taking care not to cut his own finger while so doing, since in that case the child would die before reaching manhood. The "whang" must be taken from the edge of the cheese and divided into portions, one for each maiden. Should there be any to spare, they may be divided among the spinster friends of the family; but if the number fall short, the mistake can not be rectified—there is no virtue in a second slice. The girls put these bits of cheese under their pillows, and ascribe to them the virtues of bride-cake similarly treated. In the north of England, as soon as the child is born, the doctor cuts both cake and cheese, and all present partake of both, on pain of the poor baby growing up without personal charms.

In the southern counties of Scotland children are considered, before baptism, at the mercy of the fairies, who may carry them off at pleasure or inflict injuries upon them. Danish women guard their children during this period against evil spirits by placing in the cradle or over the door garlic, salt bread, and steel in the form of some sharp instrument. The modern Greeks dread witchcraft at this period of their children's lives, and are careful not to leave them alone during the first eight days, within which period the Greek Church refuses to baptize them. In Scotland the little ones are protected by lying near some article of dress belonging to the father. So long as they have this safeguard it is impossible for the fairies to harm them. This is a touching evidence of the strength of family affection among the simple Scottish peasantry. Any trifle connected with the father protects the child until its baptism shields it from the power of evil or malicious sprites.

It is also considered very important for an infant to go up in the world before it goes down. Thus, if a child should be born in the top story of a house, for want of a flight of stairs one of the old gossips will surely take it in her arms and mount a table, chair, or chest of drawers before she carries it down stairs. Much importance is attached to the baby's first visit to another house, on which occasion it is expected that the child shall receive three things—an egg, salt, and white bread or cake. The egg is a sacred emblem from the remotest antiquity, and the cake and salt are things used alike in Jewish and pagan sacrifices. They add, somewhat grotesquely, in the East Riding of Yorkshire a fourth thing—a few matches to light the child on the way to heaven. These votive offerings must be pinned in the baby's clothes and so brought home.

There is a kindly custom in Scotland, that in all sales, either under distraint for rent or common debt, the cradle shall be left unsold, and remain the property of its original owner. In Sweden the cradle must not be rocked when it is empty, as it "will make the child noisy and given to crying." In Holland it is also considered injurious to the child and a prognostic of its death. In Scotland it is expressly forbidden in the following poetical manner:

"Oh, rock not the cradle when the baby's not in,
For this by old women is counted a sin;
It's a crime so inhuman, it mayna be forgiven,
And they who will do it hae lost sight o' heaven."

"SYMPATHY."—[From a Drawing by John Charlton, exhib... in the

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

DEAD MEN'S SHOES:

A Novel.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "Hostages to Fortune," "Lady Audley's Secret," "Strangers and Pilgrims," "Taken at the Flood," "A Strange World," etc.

CHAPTER XXX.

MARION IS RAISED TO DISTINCTION.

Sir Wilford, clad in the latest fashion in checks, a rough and fleecy raiment which his ancestors would have deemed better suited to clothe his gamekeeper or groom than himself, and mounted on Bull of Bashan, is a sight to behold this winter afternoon as he trots gayly down the wide avenue at the How, and emerges therefrom on a bold and open country. The Bull is a little fresh this afternoon, which, being interpreted, means that the grooms have been too lazy to take the superfluous energy out of that amicable animal for the last two days, whereby the Bull behaves like a quadruped newly introduced to a strange country where all sights and sounds, colors and shapes of objects, lights and shadows, are new to him. He shies ferociously at every trunk in the long line of elms, and indulges in a serpentine movement for the length of the avenue. He takes objection to the color of the gravel where the road has been mended; and on suddenly beholding the white gate, which he ought to know as well as his own manger, recoils on his haunches, and curls himself up into a ball, and in this shape canters furiously into the road, st...

asleep upon his wain, ...
rooks from their aftern...
ter of his iron shoes. ...
finishes him altogether, ...
a maniac, or demonia...
but Sir Wilford, having ...
open country, is able to ...
a fine stretch of moorla...
to the high-road a cou...
subdued and subjugate...
into a comfortable trot, ...
al interval of walking, ...
Redcastle by afternoon...
hour betwixt day and ...
or should rest, from its ...
music of the kettle sin...
peace to the soul of the ...

Mr. Trenchard is ta...

D IN THE LONDON "BLACK AND WHITE EXHIBITION" OF 1875.]

ing the lazy wagoner
rousing a flight of
repose by the clat-
cawing of the rooks
d sends him off like
y possessed animal;
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t, when labor rests,
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ry.
afternoon tea with

his two nieces, Sibyl and Marion, in the fire-lit drawing-room at Lancaster Lodge, a room which, like most other rooms, looks its best by that uncertain light, now gorgeous in the glow of crimson and gold, anon wrapped in solemn shadow. Marion has been invited to spend the day; the two girls have employed the short winter afternoon in a review of Sibyl's last new dresses, an inspection which has not been conducive to the younger sister's peace of mind or good temper.

At the announcement of Sir Wilford Candonnel, however, Marion brightens a little, and is glad.

"How lucky he should have called to-day!" she thinks. "Sibyl is too mean to ask me here on purpose to see him, and now he must be introduced to me, and *I* can talk about knowing him as well as Sibyl. What will Maria Harrison say, I wonder, when I tell her that I am quite intimate with Sir Wilford Candonnel?"

Marion little knows the mighty honor which fate has reserved for her—little dreams that by the happy accident of her presence at Lancaster Lodge this afternoon she is to be raised to a giddy height of grandeur, from which she will hardly be able to glance downward without vertigo.

Sir Wilford is presented to Miss Marion Faunthorpe in due form by Mr. Trenchard, and the conversation becomes at once general and sprightly, glancing upon such original topics as the probability of a hard frost before long, the advantage of the present weather from a sporting point of view, the health and well-being of the baronet's stud, the superlative virtues and capabilities of his latest equine purchase, the probability of a good day's racing at Tilberry.

"You ought to see Tilberry steeple-chase," says Sir Wilford. "Tilberry Common's only a couple of miles from the How, you know, and it's an uncommonly good day's sport, gentlemen jocks, and that kind of thing. I've ridden there myself, but I didn't enter any thing this year. You ought really, you know, Miss Faunthorpe; in point of fact, I came over here this afternoon on purpose to ask you and Mr. Trenchard to come and stay with us next week. My sister gave me a letter for you. She's dreadfully anxious for you to come, and I think the change of air would do Mr. Trenchard good. We stand a good bit higher than you do, you know, and get a sniff off the moors—remarkably healthy moorland air, I'm told. Do say yes now, Mr. Trenchard," he urges, handing Sibyl the letter.

"I'm afraid my dear uncle's health won't permit him to leave home," answers Sibyl. "He has been quite an invalid lately, you know, Sir Wilford."

"All the more reason he should have change of air—brace him up, you know. Capital thing for invalids, moorland air. And if Miss Mary Ann—"

"Marion," interjects that young lady. Not even by Sir Wilford Candonnel will she submit to be called Mary Ann.

"If Miss Miriam—"

"Marion."

"I beg your pardon, I'm shaw. If Miss Marion will come too I shall be delighted, and I'm sure my sister will be quite awfully glad."

Marion blushes crimson with delight at such an invitation.

"You're too kind!" she gasps. "I positively dote upon races!"

"I shouldn't have thought your passion for them had had time to reach such a height," says Sibyl, sneeringly, "since you never were at a race in your life before last year's summer meeting."

She is provoked at Marion's eagerness to accept an invitation, the acceptance of which can only bring embarrassment upon her, Sibyl.

"That means you'll come," exclaims Sir Wilford, answering Marion, "and, of course, if you say yes, Miss Faunthorpe can't say no. Sisters always think alike—two cherries on one stalk, like Juno's swans, together and inseparable, you know, and now we only want Mr. Trenchard's acquiescence."

"I should be a churl to refuse so hospitable an invitation, and to deprive these girls of so much pleasure," replies Stephen Trenchard.

"Bravo!" cries Sir Wilford; "then it's all settled. You'll come next Saturday?"

"I don't think I could be ready by Saturday," murmurs Marion, with an awful fear upon the subject of her wardrobe, which will need Herculean labors of cutting and contriving, and some expenditure of cash, before it can be fit for the halls of Candonnel.

"Pray, dear uncle, do not think of us," says Sibyl. "I don't at all care about races, and, much as I appreciate Miss Candonnel's kind invitation, I really would rather not accept it, for fear the fatigue and the excitement should be too much for you."

"Nasty thing!" thinks Marion; "she refuses just because I'm invited."

"Artful puss," thinks Stephen; "she keeps him on by holding him off."

"Don't be afraid about your uncle, Miss Faunthorpe," says Sir Wilford, "we shall be awfully careful of him."

"I'm not quite so decrepit as my niece thinks me," says Mr. Trenchard, "and I shall quite enjoy a few days at the How."

"That's glorious!" cries Sir Wilford. "On Saturday, then. You'll drive over in time for luncheon? Be sure you bring your habit, Miss Faunthorpe. I've a chestnut mare that will suit you to perfection. And I can mount you too, Miss Marion, if you like riding."

"I positively adore it!" gushes Marion. "Sibyl and I used to take in turns to ride Uncle Robert's pony when we were little things. I was so sorry when the pony grew too small for us."

Sir Wilford, having settled this important question, and drunk three cups of tea, chiefly for the pleasure of having his cup and saucer handed him by Sibyl, departs, leaving the elder sister heavy-hearted, the younger in a state of wild excitement, which her natural awe of Stephen Trenchard can hardly subdue.

"What am I to do about my things, Sibyl?" she whispers, as the two girls sit side by side on a sofa by the fire.

"What things?"

"My dresses, jackets, gloves, hats, boots, every thing. I've hardly a rag that's fit to wear at the How."

"Then you oughtn't to have accepted the invitation. You might have seen that you were only asked because you happened to be here, and Sir Wilford could not very well pass over you."

"How unkind of you to say that!"

"It's preposterous to accept an invitation when you have no clothes fit to be worn at the house you're asked to visit. You ought to have refused."

"Ought I? That's very nice and sisterly of you, I'm sure. Very much like twin cherries and Juno's fiddlesticks. Just the only chance I ever had of enjoying myself and seeing life, going into society, in fact, and a chance that would give me quite a new position in Redcastle, bring those horrid Stormonts and that disgusting Mrs. Groshen to their senses, and you expect me to refuse it! It's positively unnatural of you, Sibyl." And Marion relieves her bursting heart with a gush of tears.

"Why, what's the matter, girl?" cries Stephen Trenchard, starting from that placid slumber into which the fire-glow and the subdued murmur of the girls' voices have beguiled him. "You don't come here to cry, I hope, Marion? If we make you unhappy, you'd better stay away."

Mr. Trenchard is not the kind of man to allow his afternoon repose to be disturbed by a whimpering niece. His young kinsfolk must

make themselves agreeable if they hope to retain his favor.

"It's all Sibyl's unkindness," says Marion, swallowing her sobs in an unpleasantly convulsive manner. "She hasn't a bit of heart; she never had. When Sir Wilford Candonnel has invited me, and all, she throws my poverty in my face, and says I must refuse the invitation on account of my things."

"What does the girl mean by things?"

"I simply reminded Marion that the invitation gives us very short notice, and that her wardrobe is hardly fit for visiting at the How."

"Oh, is that all?" exclaims Mr. Trenchard. "That sha'n't stand in your way, Marion. You can get whatever you want for this visit at Carmichael's, and have it put down to Sibyl's account."

"Oh, uncle, you are too good, too generous!" gasps Marion, forgetting how often she has inveighed against Mr. Trenchard's meanness.

"Don't make a fuss, please, Marion," says Stephen, closing his eyes again.

Sibyl is gloomy. She would do much to prevent this visit were there any way open to her by which it could be prevented. She feels that to visit at Sir Wilford's house is a kind of treason against her husband. True that the baronet is not yet her declared admirer, but his admiration is not the less obvious, and the town gossips have already been busy with her name and Sir Wilford's. How provoking Uncle Trenchard is—and Marion too! She hates them both, and preserves a sullen manner toward Marion all the evening, a sullenness which that young lady imputes to jealousy.

"Perhaps she thinks that Sir Wilford might be fickle enough to admire me a little," muses Marion, elated beyond measure by the prospect of her visit and the idea of getting "things" at Carmichael's. "Of course Sibyl is the beauty; we all know that; but I flatter myself I have a little more animation than she has, and in the long-run fascinating manners are more admired than good looks."

Fortified thus in her self-esteem, Marion departs in the highest spirits, after having made Sibyl promise to go shopping with her next morning.

Sibyl makes her preparations for the visit with a heavy heart. She assists Marion kindly enough now that she has resigned herself to the inevitable. She lends her sister the aid of her counsel, and considerably chastens Marion's taste in colors and patterns, a taste which inclines to the "loud" and "fast," large checks, big metal buttons, yachting jackets, and small pork-pie hats. Sibyl takes care that her sister shall be dressed like a lady, which may be done cheaply, and not like a fashion plate, the latter involving lavish expenditure, and often resulting in disappointment. Sibyl selects hues which harmonize with Marion's hair and complexion, and not the last new color, which the shopman presses upon her, as if novelty and beauty were convertible terms.

"I'm afraid you'll make me an awful dowdy," remonstrates Marion, who is inclined to object to the combination of rich brown and soft cream-color which Sibyl recommends for a walking costume, and this languid shade of blue, relieved by ruchings, pipings, and flouncings of palest salmon, which Sibyl declares will make a lovely dinner dress.

"See what Miss Eyelett will say to my choice," says Sibyl.

"Oh, of course, that old Eyelett will side with you. She knows how to flatter a good customer."

"Choose for yourself, then, Marion, and be happy."

"Well, upon my word, I don't know what to have," says Marion, surveying the counter and biting the tip of her gloved forefinger to assist cogitation. "There's that lovely peach I should like of all things, and that heavenly maize. Think of it trimmed with black lace!"

"Charming for a brunette, but odious for a blonde. And to trim it properly you would want at least fifty pounds' worth of lace."

"That apple-green brocade, then, with the lovely rose-buds?"

"Admirable for a dowager, but quite unsuited to you."

"I wonder if Uncle Trenchard would mind my having a ruby velvet? I have always fancied a ruby velvet."

"With a diamond tiara, of course. Most appropriate for a country surgeon's niece, especially when he's the parish doctor."

"Well, I suppose you'd better choose. I'll have the blue and salmon, but it's a horrid thin silk."

"Quite good enough for an evening dress, which will be done for when its freshness is gone."

So Marion finally accepts Sibyl's superior judgment. Her purchases include a pretty gray merino for mornings and walking, a rich brown silk, the pale blue dinner dress, and a handsome black cloth jacket, garments which are judiciously bought for something less than thirty pounds. With these materials the two girls drive straight to Miss Eyelett, who, with much persuasion from Sibyl, is induced to promise the three dresses for Saturday morning.

"And now all you have to do is to get Hester to wash and iron your white muslins," says Sibyl, "so that you may have some simple dresses for the quiet evenings. I'll lend you a sash or two."

"Upon my word, Sib, you're quite a darling. What made you so disagreeable last night?"

"I don't want to go to the How, and I was vexed with you and Uncle Trenchard for snapping at the invitation."

"Don't want to go to the How!" cries Marion, with as much astonishment as if Sibyl had said she didn't wish to go to heaven. "Don't want to go to the How, when it's the grandest chance you ever had in your life, and people are beginning to say that you can be Lady Candonnel if you like!"

"People are idiots and busybodies. I don't want to be Lady Candonnel, or Lady any body else."

"Sibyl, don't be so affected," exclaims Marion, disgusted by a repudiation which she believes thoroughly insincere.

Mr. Trenchard's carriage deposits Marion at the shabby old house beyond the minster, and Jenny comes rushing out into the wintry air—last year's tartan frock a good deal too short for those obtrusive legs of hers—to kiss Sibyl, to the disgust of the coachman, who looks upon this branch of his employer's family as a low lot.

"That's the worst of living with these here novvo riches," he complains to John the footman. "They may climb the ladder of fortun theirselves, but they leave their relations a-grovelin' at the bottom."

"What do you mean by novvo riches?" inquires the simple John.

"Well, parwennoos, stoopid, if you must 'av the wernackerler."

Hester and Jenny Faunthorpe have rather a hard time of it for the rest of this important week, Hester at the wash-tub and the ironing-board, Jane engaged in darning stockings and sewing on tapes and buttons, her sister's wardrobe requiring more small repairs than are consistent with a notion of order and industry in its owner.

"Well, you have let your things go to seed, Marion," remarks Jane. "If it hadn't been for this visit of yours, I should think you must have dropped to pieces altogether before long."

"You're an impertinent chit," exclaims Marion, frowning over a complicated darn.

"Well, you might be civil when I'm toiling like a slave for you."

"You may help me or leave it alone, just as you please. It's no pleasure to be under an obligation to you."

"As far as inclination goes, I'd much rather leave it alone," replies the argumentative Jane, "but for the credit of the family I shall do my best to prevent you going into society with your heels coming through your stockings. But I can't help saying that I think you'd find it better for the health of your stockings to darn them before they come to this," and Jenny emphasizes her remark by thrusting her hand through a yawning chasm in the stocking she is operating upon.

"Keep your opinions to yourself, and don't make the holes bigger by sticking your enormous hand through them," says Marion.

"This is a grateful world," murmurs Jane, resignedly.

Dr. Faunthorpe is pleased at the idea of his younger niece's pleasure, though the visit to the How will drag a pound or two out of his scantily furnished purse, pounds already engaged for tax or water-rate, as the case may be, and the subtraction of which will throw his financial arrangements out of gear for ever so long. But Robert Faunthorpe is one of those good little men whose mission upon this earth seems to be to suffer and be patient, if not to suffer and be strong. Nay, is there not exceeding strength in this quiet patience, this placid endurance of loss and deprivation, this uncomplaining surrender of all that the selfish live for? Humboldt wisely says that if every man is said to have his own destiny in his hands, that saying must be read to mean, not that he has the power to alter fate, but rather the power to make the best of bad fortune, and by his gentle acceptance of ill to transmute evil into good. Deprivation, small acts of self-abnegation which would have hurt another man, gave Dr. Faunthorpe a pleasant feeling, a genial sense of warmth and comfort in the region of the heart, which had the effect of whisky toddy or any other comfortable stimulant.

CHAPTER XXXI.

AT THE HOW.

SATURDAY shows bright and fair, a fine winter day, hoar-frost in the hedges. The roads are dry, but not too hard for the horses; the minster towers stand out, sharply defined against the clear cold blue; rooks are screaming loud in the ragged elm boughs; robins singing merrily; a blithe day in the new-born year, a day which inspires Redcastle with the idea that trade is brisker than it has been, and things in general looking up, so potent is the influence of fine weather.

Never has Marion Faunthorpe felt so proud or happy as when her uncle's carriage calls for her and her boxes, and she takes her seat opposite Mr. Trenchard, who, by right divine of his threescore years and ten, occupies the post of honor, wrapped to the chin in sable, and with a tiger-skin rug over his knees.

"Did you shoot that tiger yourself, dear uncle?" asks Marion, bent on making herself agreeable.

"No, child," replies the dear uncle, rather snappishly, "I had something better to do in India than shooting tigers."

"But it's very nice shooting big game, isn't it, uncle? Some people go to India on purpose for that, don't they?"

"Fools do, perhaps. There's no accounting for their taste."

The little surgeon has come out to the gate to see his niece off. Nay, he has actually stolen an hour from the parish in order to behold the glory of her departure. He seems as pleased to see her happiness as if he himself were going to the How, and at the last moment the girl feels touched.

"You dear, darling old uncle," she says, hanging round his neck, and forgetting the possibility of damage to her new hat, "how good you always are—always—always—always—and I'm an ungrateful wretch!"

"My love, you are not ungrateful, and you have very little to be grateful for."

"Every thing, you mean, Uncle Robert. I shall think of you ever so many times a day at the How; and if the dinners are very nice, I shall so wish you could be with us."

"Thank you, my dear. I shall think of you, and miss you very much."

"I'm going to keep house," exclaims Jenny, lolling against the gate, and swaying to and fro distractingly as she talks; "and make tea and all; nobody to tell me not to take too much butter; and Hester will give us my favorite puddings, I know, if I quill her cap borders."

So after embracing the doctor in this demonstrative fashion, Marion enters the carriage with tears in her eyes, to the aggravation of Stephen Trenchard, who hates tears and fuss and emotion of all kinds, except the thrill of delight which accompanies a successful stroke of business.

"Crying again," he exclaims, testily. "What's the matter now?"

"There's nothing the matter, dear uncle. Only I'm so happy; and I felt a little overcome at leaving Uncle Robert."

"It's a pity you should leave him at all if the parting is so pathetic," sneers Mr. Trenchard.

"Oh, Sibyl, I've had such a sweet note from Miss Candonnel to confirm Sir Wilford's invitation," says Marion, and she exhibits a formal note, in which the polite Phœbe expresses her satisfaction at having heard from her brother that Miss Marion Faunthorpe has promised to accompany her sister on Saturday.

The drive is delightful for any one with an unburdened mind, and even Sibyl feels the sweetness of the clear winter air, and determines to make the best of an awkward concatenation of events. After all, it is better to be lolling in Uncle Trenchard's carriage on one's way to a delightful old country-house than to be grinding at French or German verbs in Mrs. Hazleton's cheerless second-floor school-room, badly warmed by a fire that seems always made of the dullest coals that ever came from the bosom of the earth. And all this is but the filling up of a gap in her life. This chasm of time bridged over and she will be with Alexis once more, and they will have Uncle Trenchard's money to spend and be happy ever afterward. She has persuaded herself that, let Alexis make what protestations he pleases in the present, he will take her to his heart again gladly when the fitting time comes.

"And in the mean time there is no use in my moping and making myself miserable," reflects Sibyl, her spirits elevated by atmospheric influences, and the prospect of being the object of general admiration.

"I wonder if there will be many people there?" she speculates.

"People with titles," suggests Marion; "a duke perhaps. I should like to see a duke—or a duchess. That would be better still. Think of her dresses, Sib. Mustn't they be magnificent?"

Sibyl smiles the languid smile of contempt at her sister's simplicity.

"As if there were a sliding scale for the toilet," she says. "Why, cotton-spinners' wives dress as well as duchesses nowadays. They employ the same milliners, and pay their bills quicker."

"It's dreadful to think of," replies Marion. "It seems like turning things topsy-turvy, you know."

They are at the How by this time, a domain which Marion enters open-eyed and dumb with awe. Sir Wilford comes out into the porch to receive them, and gives directions about their luggage, and makes himself generally busy. Then he calls out Phœbe, and introduces Marion to her, at which Marion, being almost tongue-tied by shyness, says, "Thank you."

"You show the Miss Faunthorpes their room, Phœbe," says the hospitable baronet; but this is a length to which Miss Candonnel will not go, though she conducted her dearest Cecilia to her apartment half an hour ago with her arm round Cecilia's severely trained waist.

"Perker knows all about the rooms," she says, and rings a bell, whereupon appears the essence of respectability in a black silk gown and smart cap, otherwise Mrs. Perker, the housekeeper.

Sibyl and Marion follow this personage up the broad oak staircase to a long perspective of corridor, in which Mrs. Perker opens two doors next each other, and reveals twin bed-chambers neatly furnished with maple and chintz.

"I thought you two ladies would like to be next each other," remarks the housekeeper, obligingly, as if the choice of the rooms were entirely her own.

"We do, very much," exclaims Marion, who regains her power of speech in this inferior presence. "I'm very glad I'm to be near Sibyl. I should be awfully afraid of ghosts in this great rambling house."

Mrs. Perker smiles condescendingly, as if she were a superior order of being, accustomed to large houses and family spectres.

"It is a rambling old place," she says, "but I shouldn't fancy myself in one of your fine lightsome modern houses, all glare and gilding."

"And there is a ghost, I day say?" says Marion, with thrilling interest.

The housekeeper screws up her lips and smiles significantly, as if she could, and if she would, tell of as many apparitions as appear in the tragedy of *Macbeth*.

"There has never been a ghost owned to at the How," she says, "and I wouldn't breathe the name of such a thing in Miss Candonnel's hearing; but people have been frightened—strangers. It may have been rats, or it may have been the wind. I can't say. But there are friends of the family who wouldn't sleep in this corridor, no, not for a thousand pounds."

Marion shudders, and almost wishes herself back in the shabby old house at the end of the town.

"So here are your rooms, young ladies, opening into each other."

"How nice!" exclaims Marion.

Never in her life has she felt more warmly attached to Sibyl than she does at this moment.

Fires burn cheerily in both rooms, and each apartment has that thoroughly comfortable and convenient air only to be seen in a well-ordered country-house, and altogether distinct from the cheerless precision of a hotel bed-chamber.

There is the nice little writing-table, with all things needful for correspondence, in front of the fire; the easy-chair, the candles, and pincushion, and a hot-house flower or two in a slender glass vase on the dressing-table. All smiles a welcome to the strangers—not Miss Candonnel's welcome, by-the-way, but Mrs. Perker's.

"I've given your maid a nice room on the second floor, within easy reach of this, ma'am," says the housekeeper, at which Marion's eyes open wide with wonder.

"I have no maid," replies Sibyl, unabashed by that humiliating fact; "I am accustomed to wait upon myself."

"Indeed, ma'am. Some young ladies prefer it, I know. For my own part I couldn't bear any body fidgeting about me. And if you should require any assistance, Miss Candonnel's maid will be very happy."

"Thanks, no; my sister can help me if I want her."

And Sibyl proceeds to open her handsome portmanteaus, while Marion contrives to stand before the shabby receptacle which contains her property, lest the scrutinizing eye of Mrs. Perker should behold its dilapidation.

The housekeeper bustles off and leaves the two girls to themselves.

"It's rather like going to school again, isn't it, Sibyl?" inquires Marion, whose spirits have sunk a little, oppressed by the unfamiliar splendors of the How. "I feel just as I did the day we went to Miss Worrie's, and I can't help fancying we shall be told off into our different classes when we go down stairs."

The sound of the luncheon bell reminds the sisters that they have no time to waste, and they go down stairs together presently, conscious that they are looking nice enough to face even unfriendly criticism. Sir Wilford is lounging in the hall, and they go in to luncheon under his wing. Fred Stormont is near the dining-room door, and rushes to meet Sibyl and her sister; and Mrs. Stormont gives a friendly bow from the other end of the table, where she sits among the stately matrons and the bald-headed fathers of the land; and they begin to feel themselves more at home, as Marion whispers to her sister.

The conversation at luncheon runs more continuously upon the present company's absent brothers and sisters and cousins and nieces and sons and daughters-in-law than is quite congenial to the feelings of a stranger totally unacquainted with these relations, but Marion manages to get up a little talk about nothing in particular with Fred Stormont, which, beheld from afar, looks like flirtation, and causes the young man's anxious mother to put up her gold eyeglass and look at him through it, wondering how that silly Frederick can be so ridiculous as to waste his attentions upon the wrong sister.

"I suppose Mr. Trenchard will leave the girl five thousand pounds or so," thinks Mrs. Stormont, "but what would be the use of that to a young man with Fred's expensive habits?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

MR. JACKSON, photographer of the United States Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories, in charge of Professor HAYDEN, has obtained during the past season a large number of negatives of the most rugged and mountainous scenery of Central Colorado. Their size is 20×24, which is several inches larger than any views ever before taken in the field in the United States. The views represent the Uncompaghri Peak, the Sawatch Range, and many others of great importance to the survey. Besides these, he has about two hundred negatives 5×8, many of them representing the prehistoric ruins and the Moqui towns, a glimpse of which was given to the public last year.

The annual table of the inspection of fish in the Washington city market has just been presented to the Board of Health by Mr. C. LUDINGTON, Inspector of Marine Products. From this we learn that the number of shad inspected amounted to 464,215; of tailors (a species of shad), to 56,430; and of herring, to 1,674,465. The number of "bunches of fish" sold was 557,203; of sturgeon, 1240; the whole of which, reduced to pounds, is equivalent to 7,002,049. Of oysters there were 305,737 bushels; of clams, 1,110,725; of crabs, 446,525.

This table, as compared with that of 1874, exhibits some notable differences. Of shad scarcely more than two-thirds as many were marketed as in 1874, and about one-half of the number in 1873. Herring showed a still greater diminution, the yield in 1874 having been 6,567,240. The "bunches of fish" were about the same. On the other hand, the yield of sturgeon was much greater, being nearly three times that of 1873, and thirty per cent. more than that of 1874.

The total yield of fish, in pounds, in 1873 was 8,548,851; in 1874 it was 10,827,967, that of 1875 being a very noticeable diminution from the yield of the previous year. Of oysters and clams a considerable less number was marketed in 1875, but a larger number of crabs.

Some idea of the importance of a careful inspection of the fish in the market may be learned from the fact that the value of the fish condemned as unfit for food in 1875 amounted to over $7000; in 1874 to over $10,000.

It may be remarked that by far the greater portion of the fish sold in the Washington market is derived from the Potomac River and Chesapeake Bay, as may also be said of the oysters, clams, and crabs. The inferiority in the number of shad and herring taken in 1875 is supposed to have been due to the continued cold weather

during the spring, which prevented the rivers from attaining a temperature such as would invite the expectant fish to enter their mouths from the sea. The yield in the Delaware, the Hudson, and the Connecticut was larger than usual, thus explaining what became of the difference.

Father SECCHI, in giving a review of his observations on the solar spots and protuberances for the past four years, states that they extend over about fifty-two rotations of the sun upon its own axis (or solar days). The average number of protuberances observed each day, which was about fifteen in 1871, was reduced to from four to ten in 1870, the average of the whole period being about ten, and the progressive diminution being very regular. The area covered by the protuberances was reduced in a similar proportion, viz., from fifteen to five. In 1871 the average number of groups of spots was about twenty-five, which number was reduced to six or seven in 1875. The surface covered by the spots has diminished to ten in 1875, being ninety in 1871. It is evident that the solar activity, as far as manifested by the quantity of spots, corresponds to the activity presented by the protuberances. The parallelism is not absolute, however, nor could this be expected, since certain protuberances, being purely hydrogen, have nothing to do with these solar spots. In consequence of this being a year of minimum of solar spots and protuberances, Father SECCHI thinks he finds therein the explanation of Professor LANGLEY's result, since the latter gentleman has observed that at present there is no difference of temperature between the sun's equator and its poles.

A further step in the progress of the international exchange of animals has just been made in the transmission to New Zealand, by Mr. FRANK BUCKLAND, of two nests of English humble-bees. The common English clover, which has been introduced into New Zealand and Australia, has not produced seeds in proper quantity, due, as is supposed, to the fact that, as bees perform a large portion of the labor of the fertilization of such plants, the proboscis of the common bee is not long enough to reach down to the pollen of the clover flower, which the humble-bee is enabled to do.

A new work has been commenced in London, under the title of *Medicinal Plants*, to contain colored plates included in the pharmacopœia of Great Britain, India, or the United States, together with descriptions of plants, their nomenclature, geographical distribution, etc., and an account of its properties and uses.

The Genevan Society of Arts, founded in 1776, proposes to offer a number of prizes on the occasion of the celebration of its centenary, and also contemplates an international competition for the regulation of pocket chronometers, to be held under the superintendence of Professor PLANTAMOUR, of the Geneva Observatory. All chronometers intended for the competition must be forwarded to the professor before noon on the 14th of February, 1876. The trial will last fifty-two days from February 15, and will take place both in a heated chamber and in an ice-house, under all possible positions. To be admitted at all for competition, the mean variation of the chronometer from day to day must not exceed six-tenths of a second as long as it preserves the same position in the hall of the observatory.

The expedition under the leadership of Mr. MACLAY, which left Sydney in July to explore New Guinea, has returned, without having accomplished any material result.

Among the recent deaths of prominent men should be mentioned that of Sir CHARLES WHEATSTONE, which took place on the 20th of October. Born in England in 1802, he commenced his industrial career as a manufacturer of musical instruments, and, induced thereby to study the laws of sound, he gradually extended his inquiries into other branches of physical science, first of optics and subsequently of electricity, so that in 1834 he had attained such proficiency that he was appointed Professor of Experimental Philosophy in King's College, London. In 1837 he became associated with Mr. COOK, who also paid much attention to electrical inquiries, and the two in conjunction made many of the important discoveries and practical applications in electrical science that have given them so much reputation.

Professor HEIS has just published the first special issue of the Royal Observatory at Münster, which consists entirely of the details of the observations of the zodiacal light made by him during the years 1847 to 1875, supplemented by a large number of similar observations by EYLERT, WEBER, and others. In this connection it should be borne in mind that although the elaborate observations of the zodiacal light made by the Rev. GEORGE JONES, of the United States navy, during the expedition of Commodore PERRY to Japan, were published in full, yet the far more valuable series subsequently made by him at Quito have never yet been given to the world with the fullness which their importance demands. They still remain in the possession of his family, and are in form for immediate publication.

A large number of French ports in the Channel and Bay of Biscay are undergoing changes and receiving improvements. The shipping accommodation of Le Havre is being completely remodeled and enlarged, and six of its docks are either in course of reconstruction or transformation.

An exhibition to embrace all the applications of electricity to industrial and domestic purposes is announced to be held at the Champs Elysées in July, 1876. Information will be given on application to the offices of the exhibition, Rue de la Victoire, 86. A special exhibition of improvements in railway appliances has been proposed to be opened in Paris next year.

Among the smaller animals most injurious to vegetation in Siberia is a small marmot known as the soulish (*Spermophilus citillus*), closely allied to the species so common in Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, in the West, called there gopher, thirteen-lined squirrel, prairie squirrel, etc. In the department of Ekaterinoslav they have lately become so abundant as to constitute a positive pest, and an order has been issued requiring each inhabitant to furnish a certain number of heads under penalty of a fine. In 1873 in five counties alone rewards were paid for the destruction of nearly six millions of these animals. By energetic measures of this kind alone has it been possible to prevent the almost total destruction of the crops.

Statisticians calculate that there are now in work some 200,000 steam-engines, with a total power of 12,000,000 horses, corresponding to the muscular strength of 100,000,000 men.

A series of experiments has lately been made at the celebrated Siemens-Halske Telegraph Works, in Berlin, with the object of testing the adaptability of the electric light for signaling purposes. The apparatus in question, which was operated from the roof of the factory, to the great astonishment of the populace, gave a light so powerful that ordinary writing could be read by its illumination at the distance of a mile. It was arranged within a closed mirror in such a manner that the beam of light was projected against the clouds, which served as a screen. In front of the mirror the signals were made, which were duplicated upon the clouds on a gigantic scale. This process, it is said, is to be adopted by the German army for night signaling.

The *Pandora*, under command of Captain YOUNG, which sailed in the spring for the purpose of making additional discoveries in regard to the Northwest Passage, and particularly to obtain further relics of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN, returned to England on the 16th of October, without having accomplished her mission. She expects, however, to start out again in the coming spring.

Disco was reached on the 7th of August, and Upernavik on the 13th, and Cape York on the 16th. The vessel called at Carey Islands and deposited letters for the *Alert* and *Discovery*, and thence proceeded up Lancaster Sound to Beechey Island, which was reached on the 26th. Here Northumberland House, which was built as a store-house by the *North Star* in 1850, was inspected, and it was found that it had been broken open by bears and many of the stores damaged, except those in casks and barrels. The two life-boats and the yacht *Mary*, left by Sir JOHN ROSS, were found in perfect condition.

After putting the dépôt in order Captain YOUNG proceeded up Peel Straits for the purpose of reaching King William Land, getting as far as La Roquette Island, near Bellot Strait, on the 30th of August. Here an impenetrable pack of ice across the channel barred all further progress, and after vainly trying to find a passage, Captain YOUNG prudently determined to retreat, which he did on the 3d of September, and, as stated, the *Pandora* reached home on the 16th of October.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

JUST as the Prince of Wales is visiting his future subjects in India the census has been taken to ascertain how many there are of them. One hundred and ninety millions have a fractional interest in the Prince, which does not amount to much apiece. He has some odd prospective subjects. There are ten thousand astrologers and wizards, four hundred and sixty-five "devil-drivers"—a novel occupation certainly—and five hundred and thirteen poets. Throughout the entire empire there is found but one "speech-maker"—a fact which compensates for the number of poets.

Twenty-five students, graduates of the colleges in Tokio, arrived in New York last August, and are now pursuing their studies in Columbia, Harvard, and other schools of science and law. Fifteen or twenty more will soon come to this country, some of whom will go to England, France, and Germany. A commercial school has been recently opened in Tokio, in which American methods of business, book-keeping, and accounts are thoroughly taught. There are also six normal schools in successful operation.

Disraeli does not depend upon externals for mental inspiration. His study at his country-seat is a plainly furnished attic room. A worn carpet partially covers the floor, and his books are piled miscellaneously upon shelves around the sides of the room. Yet a large part of his literary work has been done there.

Among the many quotations from the writings of Edgar Allan Poe which have been suggested by different persons as appropriate to be placed upon his monument, was one from a poem entitled "For Annie:"

"The fever called 'Living'
Is conquered at last."

Another was from the poem "To One in Paradise:"

"Ah, dream too bright to last!
Ah, starry Hope! that didst arise
But to be overcast."

Another still was from "The Raven:"

"Unhappy master, whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never—never more.'"

The quotations mentioned above were suggested by three distinguished American poets.

"Blankets" of brown paper of "superior quality," perforated in such a manner as to permit a free passage for the exhalations of the body without diminishing the warmth, are advertised in London.

Some people can believe any thing sooner than the Bible. Brugsch Bey, a professor of learned matters, has proved, conclusively to himself, that the Israelites never went through the Red Sea at all, but crossed the Serbonian Bog, on the shores of the Mediterranean, and that the Egyptians were drowned by a tidal wave which at uncertain intervals sweeps over the marsh.

According to the views of an English bishop, we must understand that the purpose of epitaphs on tombstones is not to comfort or help the living, but to benefit the dead. Not very long ago an American gentleman desired to erect a tombstone over the grave of his uncle in Yorkshire, England. He chose the common and simple motto, "*Requiescat in Pace.*" The Protestant vicar having refused to allow this inscription, the gentleman appealed to the bishop of the diocese, the Lord Bishop of Ripon, who replied as follows: "I am truly sorry that I can not grant your request. The words *Requiescat in Pace* are really a prayer for the dead, which is contrary to the Protestant faith, though quite agreeable to Roman Catholic doctrines. Souls that are saved have no need of our prayers, and lost souls can not be benefited by them."

In England and Scotland, during the visit of the evangelists Moody and Sankey, there were sold 3,551,000 copies of Mr. Sankey's compilation of hymns.

During the past ten years a great change has taken place in the tea trade between the United States and China and Japan. Before the establishment of the telegraph and steam-ship lines teas that were ordered from China and Japan in the early spring were not received in this country until the first part of the following winter. Now teas that are growing on the bush in Japan in March are landed in New York early in June, and in July the market is supplied with them. The telegraph is used to inquire about the condition of the market or to order purchases made, merchants communicating with each other by cipher in order to avoid the heavy expenses involved in telegraphing so long a distance in the usual way. There is a fashion in teas as much as in dress, and a great change has taken place during the past ten years in the taste of Americans in regard to their teas, those kinds increasing in favor which are the purest and which most nearly approach the condition in which they are used by the native tea-drinkers.

There will be an important special exhibition made by the United States government at the Philadelphia Centennial. It is being prepared under the supervision of a board of officers representing the several executive departments of the government. A fine building, covering four and a half acres, is provided for the purpose, space in which will be occupied by the War, Navy, Treasury, Interior, Post-office, and Agricultural departments, and the Smithsonian Institution.

Von Bülow is reported to be astonished at the facility with which American newspapers gather the news, write criticisms, and spread the results of their labors before the public. He says, "The idea of reading in the morning a carefully written criticism of a concert in which you played only eight hours before! I wrote to a friend in Germany from Hartford, and asked him if Germany could do any thing like that. 'Here, in a comparatively small city,' I said, 'there are three papers, and in the morning after my concert I read the reports. Is it possible in Germany?' He writes me in wonder. 'It is not possible in Germany.' There our critics would be tired after the concert, and would go and eat and drink beer."

A most remarkable surgical operation is reported to have been performed on a boy in one of the reform schools of New Jersey. A running sore appeared on his face just below the right eye. It was very painful, and physicians did not seem to know exactly what was the matter, but thought it must be the result of some malformation of the bone. The boy was taken to Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, for an operation. While the surgeon was operating, supposing he was cutting against the bone, he found he was cutting against iron. After considerable labor a breech-pin of a musket, two and a half inches long, and an inch wide in the thickest part, was found imbedded in the face. It was then ascertained that the boy was injured about fifteen months ago by the explosion of a musket, and, strange to say, nobody had any knowledge that the piece of the musket lock had been imbedded in his face.

A chime of nine bells has been recently finished by a Boston factory for the Russian church on St. Paul's Island, in the Behring Sea, about 3000 miles from San Francisco. The congregation is composed of the Russian employés of the Alaska Commercial Company.

Paris and London will very shortly be brought within nine hours of each other through the united action of the Chemin de Fer du Nord, the Southeastern Railway Company, and the Chamber of Commerce of Boulogne-sur-Mer.

A suggestive story is told of Bismarck's shoe-maker in Berlin, who is said to be notorious for breaking his promises. One morning he was aroused at six o'clock by a messenger with the simple question, "Are Herr Von Bismarck's boots ready yet?" The maker said, "No." In ten minutes another messenger arrived. Loud rang the bell. "Are Herr Von Bismarck's boots ready yet?" "No." And so it went on every ten minutes, until the boots were ready in the evening.

The *Journal of Chemistry* tells us that it is a common practice among millers to grind the soundest, best wheat into fine flour, and the poorest into what is called "Graham flour," which is too often a mixture of bran and injured flour. What is needed in the market is a good, sweet flour made from the whole wheat. The brown loaf made from the whole wheat flour is sweeter and more palatable than the white loaf of bolted flour.

Newspapers are recommended to prevent the entrance of burglars—a novel use of them, to be sure. Spread them in front of doorways and windows at night, and upon the stairways. The noise produced by treading upon them or attempting to remove them will scarcely fail to waken the soundest sleeper.

Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, contains 3160 acres, 450 of which have been inclosed for the Centennial Exhibition. In addition to this ground, there will be large yards near by for the exhibition of stock, and a farm of forty-two acres has been suitably planted for tests of plows, mowers, reapers, and other agricultural implements.

Mr. Moody's Bible seems to have excited some curious interest. It is well worn, and bears marks of constant use. It would not look well on a parlor centre-table, but perhaps some of his success lies in the fact that his Bible is covered with marks of daily perusal.

A singular story comes from Vienna, to the effect that the skull of Mozart, whose grave has not yet been discovered, is in the possession of M. Hyrtl, Professor and Aulic Councilor in the Austrian capital, who carefully preserves it under glass. He received the relic from his brother, who obtained it from the sexton of the St. Marx Cemetery. The grave-digger in question, a passionate admirer of the music of the great artist, related that one day a modest funeral brought to the burial ground the body of the composer, which was interred in the common grave. When, according to custom, after the lapse of a few years, the ground was opened, he took the skull of the great man and preserved it carefully until the day when he made a present of it to the brother of the actual possessor.

The number of dead letters which passed through the Post-office Department during the last fiscal year was about 4,500,000. Of these 31,799 contained money, aggregating $61,000; 14,225 letters contained drafts, notes, and bills of exchange of the value of $2,997,847; 135,027 letters contained samples of merchandise, postage stamps, and miscellaneous articles; 3,740,000 contained nothing of value.

Mr. Bell, the eminent English sculptor, who designed the groups for the plinth for the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park, London, is reproducing in terra cotta, at the celebrated works in Lambeth, the one which symbolizes America. This is designed for the Centennial Exhibition. The figures in the group are colossal, covering a ground space of fifteen feet square. It will probably be placed in the great central gallery, opposite the principal entrance.

A paper was read before the Health Association recently in session at Baltimore on "Penny Wisdom and Pound Folly; or the Cost of a great Epidemic to a great City." It was shown in the statements presented that by the epidemic of small-pox in Philadelphia in 1871–72 the following losses were incurred: Expenses in care of sick, $203,879; loss by sickness (time), $1,072,065; loss by disability (time and expenses), $10,000,000; loss by death, $5,013,000; expense of premature burials, $74,420; total, $16,363,364. There is no question but there is danger of small-pox becoming prevalent in this and other cities unless vigorous precautions are used. An unusual number of cases have occurred in Brooklyn, and the Board of Health has adopted stringent measures in regard to vaccination and other sanitary precautions. It would seem that unreasonable prejudice against vaccination must gradually disappear with the more general diffusion of knowledge.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A SETTLER.—An honest footman, anxious to explore the wonders of a traveling caravan museum, obtained a special holiday. Accordingly, taking a couple of lady friends, he presented himself at the door for admission. "No admittance to-day, Sir," said the keeper. "No admittance! But I must come in; I've got a holiday on purpose!" "No matter. This is a close day, and the museum is shut." "What!" said John. "Ain't this a public exhibition?" "Certainly it is." "Well, then, I will go in." The keeper, gauging his customer's calibre, said, very politely, "I am very sorry, but there's a funeral to-day. One of the mummies died two days ago, and we're going to bury him." "Oh, ah! Very well, in that case we certainly won't intrude," said John, hastily retiring.

At an examination of girls for the rite of confirmation in the Episcopal Church, in answer to the question, "What is the outward visible sign or form in baptism?" the reply of a bright little theologian was, "The baby, Sir!"

A runaway thief having applied to a blacksmith for work, the latter showed him some handcuffs and asked him if he understood such kind of work. "Why, yes, Sir," said the other; "I guess I've had a hand in 'em afore."

At a woman's convention a gentleman remarked that a woman was the most wicked thing in creation. "Sir," was the indignant reply of one of the ladies, "woman was made from man, and if one rib is so wicked, what must the whole body be?"

We like fine writing when it is properly applied; so we appreciate the following burst of eloquence: "As the ostrich uses both legs and wings when the Arabian courser bounds in her rear—as the winged lightnings leap from the heavens when the thunder-bolts are loosed—so does a little boy run when a big dog is after him."

A traveler, among other narrations of wonders of foreign parts, declared he knew a cane a mile long. The company looked incredulous, and it was evident they were not prepared to swallow it, even should it have been a sugar-cane. "Pray what kind of a cane was it?" asked a gentleman, sneeringly. "It was a hurricane," replied the traveler.

"I say, Higgins," said a fellow to an aspiring but as yet unappreciated tragedian, "I met a rich old gentleman in the city who declared he would give a hundred dollars to see you perform Hamlet." "You don't say so?" "Fact, I assure you; and, what's more, I'm positively sure the old chap meant it." "By Jove, then, it's a bargain!" Higgins cried; "I'll play it for my benefit. But who is he?" "Ah! to be sure, I didn't tell you. Well, he's a blind man." Higgins never spoke to the wretch again.

A VULGAR ERROR CORRECTED.—The absurd story about the phenix grew out of the fact that phenixes always roosted in ash-trees, and hence when they took wing they were said to "rise from their ashes."

A SHORT NOVEL.—Sweet Margaret Fane came up the lane from picking the red berries, and met young Paul, comely and tall, going to market with cherries. Stopping, she blushed, and he looked flushed—perhaps 'twas the burden they carried. When they passed on, their burdens were one, and at Christmas they were married.

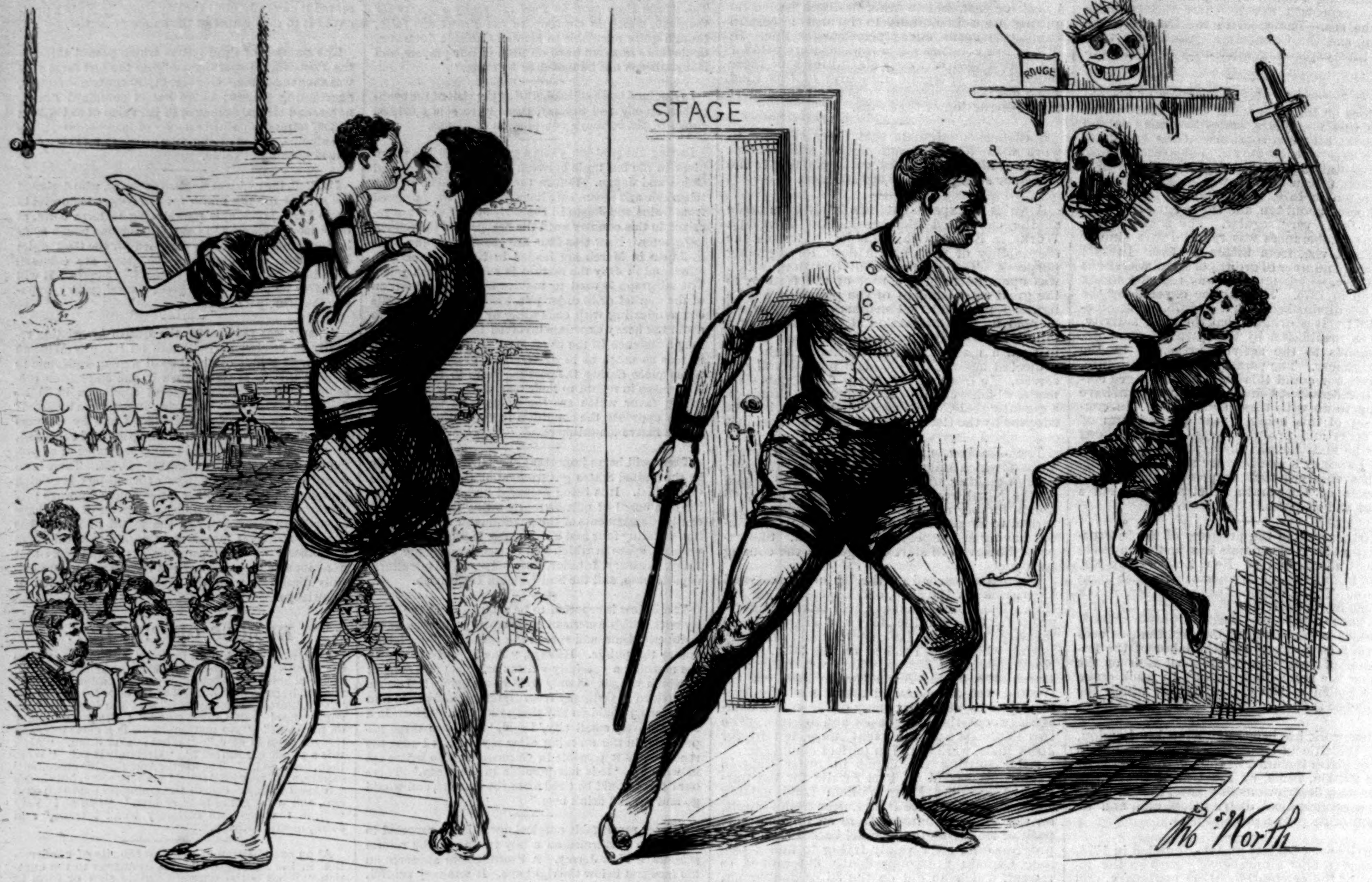
An old toper, who had attended the Polytechnic, where the learned professor caused several explosions to take place from gases produced from water, said, "You don't catch me putting much water in my liquor after this. I had no idea before that water was so dangerous, though I never liked to take much of it."

Diggs saw a note lying on the ground, but he knew that it was a counterfeit, and walked on without picking it up. He told Smithers the story, when the latter said, "Do you know, Diggs, you have committed a very great offense?" "Why, what have I done?" "You have passed a counterfeit note, knowing it to be such," said Smithers, without a smile, and fled.

"Dear Adolphus," said a fashionable belle the other day to her accepted suitor, "can you tell me the color of the winds and waves?" "Oh yes," replied Adolphus, "for I have frequently seen it stated that the winds *blew* and the waves *rose*."

A celebrated French preacher, in a sermon on the duties of wives, said, "I see in this congregation a woman who has been guilty of disobedience to her husband, and in order to point her out I will fling my breviary at her head." He lifted his book, and every female head instantly ducked.

A Scotch minister was once busy catechising his young parishioners before the congregation, when he put the usual first question to a stout girl whose father kept a public-house. "What is your name?" No reply. The question having been repeated, the girl replied, "Nane o' your fun, Mr. Minister; ye ken my name weel enough. D'ye no say, when ye come to our house on a night, 'Bet, bring me some ale?'" The congregation, forgetting the sacredness of the place, were in a broad grin, and the parson looked daggers.



INFANT SLAVES OF THE ARENA.—[SEE PAGE 1009.]

MASTER ON THE STAGE RECEIVING HIS SLAVE FROM THE TRAPEZE.

"Bravo, my little Pet! You are the Prince of them all."

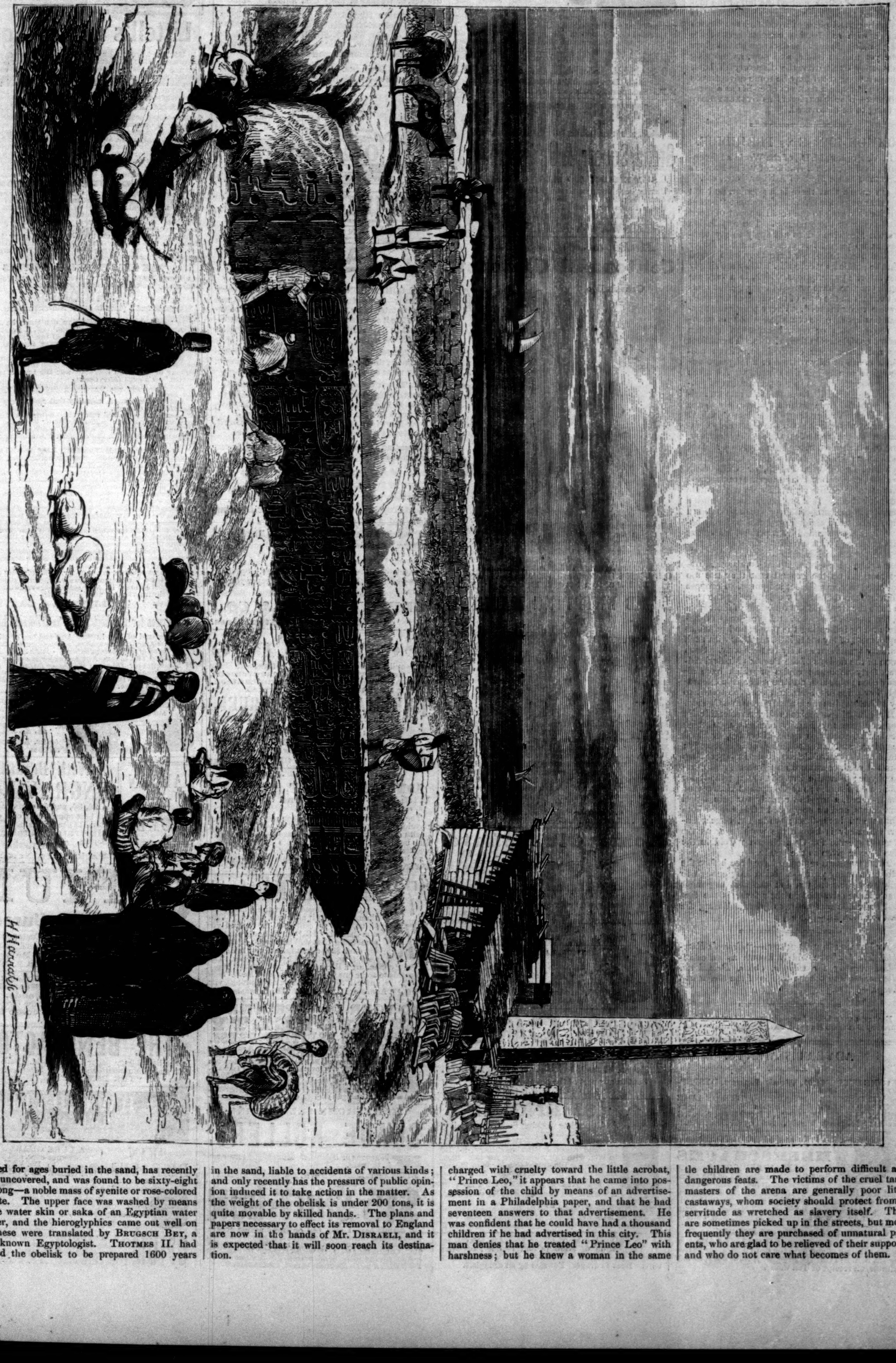
MASTER AND SLAVE BEHIND THE SCENES.

"You little Wretch! if you dare to look frightened another time when you are 'on,' I'll break every bone in your body."

COLUMBUS DISCOVERS AMERICA.—DRAWN BY W. M. CARY.—[SEE PAGE 1010.]

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

THIS engraving represents one of the famous Cleopatra's Needles at Alexandria, presented to the British government by MOHAMMED ALI PASHA, another one having been given to the French government, and transported by it to Paris, where it was set up in the Place de la Concorde. The former obelisk, which has remained for ages buried in the sand, has recently been uncovered, and was found to be sixty-eight feet long—a noble mass of syenite or rose-colored granite. The upper face was washed by means of the water skin or saka of an Egyptian water carrier, and the hieroglyphics came out well on it; these were translated by BRUGSCH BEY, a well-known Egyptologist. THOTMES II. had caused the obelisk to be prepared 1600 years B.C., or 3475 years ago. The central column of hieroglyphics is for THOTMES, the lateral columns are for RAMESES III., and recount his life and achievements. The obelisk is now wholly uncovered; the hieroglyphics are on all four sides, and have been well preserved by the sand about them. The British government has shown itself to be strangely indifferent to the fate of this valuable gift. It has left the obelisk all these years in the sand, liable to accidents of various kinds; and only recently has the pressure of public opinion induced it to take action in the matter. As the weight of the obelisk is under 200 tons, it is quite movable by skilled hands. The plans and papers necessary to effect its removal to England are now in the hands of Mr. DISRAELI, and it is expected that it will soon reach its destination.



CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

LITTLE SLAVES OF THE ARENA.

PUBLIC indignation is every now and then aroused by some extreme case of cruelty to a child, like the one recently brought to light in this city by the intervention of Mr. BERGH and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and forcibly illustrated on page 1008. From the examination of the man who is charged with cruelty toward the little acrobat, "Prince Leo," it appears that he came into possession of the child by means of an advertisement in a Philadelphia paper, and that he had seventeen answers to that advertisement. He was confident that he could have had a thousand children if he had advertised in this city. This man denies that he treated "Prince Leo" with harshness; but he knew a woman in the same line of business who has several young children in training for acrobatic performances, all of whom she treats with great cruelty. It is more than probable that Mr. BERGH'S humane efforts and investigations will bring to light other cases of a similar nature. He should have the hearty support not only of the press, but of society, in this philanthropic work. The public should refuse to patronize places of amusement where little children are made to perform difficult and dangerous feats. The victims of the cruel taskmasters of the arena are generally poor little castaways, whom society should protect from a servitude as wretched as slavery itself. They are sometimes picked up in the streets, but more frequently they are purchased of unnatural parents, who are glad to be relieved of their support, and who do not care what becomes of them.

COLUMBUS DISCOVERS AMERICA.

THE sketch under this title on page 1008 will pleasantly remind readers of mature age of the happy sports of childhood. The boys and girls in Mr. CARY's picture, excited by reading the story of the discovery of the New World by the great Genoese navigator, are rehearsing in a securely stranded boat the thrilling events of his memorable voyage. They have sailed out of the roads of Saltez, noticed the fall of the meteor, passed through the Sargasso Sea, picked up the rudely carved piece of wood and the branch of thorn with red berries, caught sight of the light gleaming through the darkness on the shore of the yet unseen island, and now, as morning breaks, they exult over the discovery of land. Perhaps among them may be some adventurous lad who will make a name in after-life as a great discoverer—if such explorers as STANLEY leave any thing to be discovered.

COMMON-SENSE vs. PREJUDICE.

By R. V. PIERCE, M.D., of the World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y., Author of "The People's Common-Sense Medical Adviser," etc., etc.

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Some persons, while admitting that my medicines are good pharmaceutical compounds, object to them on the ground that they are too often used with insufficient judgment. I propose to obviate this difficulty by enlightening the people as to the structure and functions of their bodies, the causes, character, and symptoms of disease, and by indicating the proper and judicious employment of my medicines, together with such auxiliary treatment as may be necessary. Such is one of the designs of the People's Medical Adviser, forty thousand copies of which have already been published, and are sold at the exceedingly low price of $1 50, and sent (postpaid) to any address within the United States and Canada.

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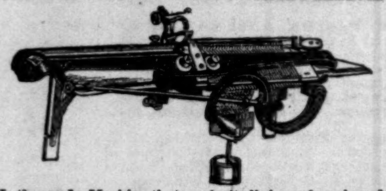

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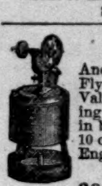

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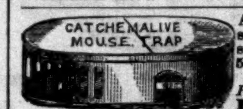

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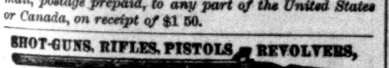

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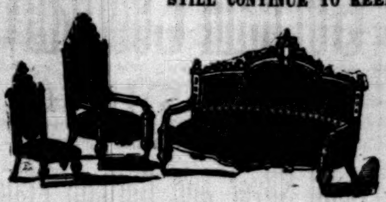

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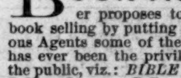

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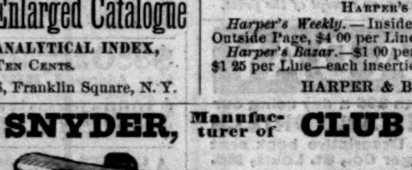

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VIII.—(*Continued.*)

NIGHT'S JOY AND AGONY.

THEY stood with their arms round each other's waist, Bob being the shyer of the two. We prattled together for as many minutes as I could spare from my duties, and I learned that they were in nowise related. Both their mothers were on the ship, they told me.

"I haven't seen them on deck," said I.

"Oh no," said Pearl; "they have been ill, and are not yet well. I hate the sea—I hate it!" And the little maid stamped her foot, and tears came into her eyes.

"And you, Bob?" I asked. "Do you hate the sea?"

"I'm fond of it," said Bob, "and I want Pearl to like it, but she won't. She says she wishes there wasn't any sea in the world. That's foolish, isn't it? But *I* wish it wasn't so dark."

Stronger and stronger grew the spell upon me.

"Would you like to be a sailor, Bob?"

"I should," he replied, "if it wasn't so dark."

I kissed the bright little fellow, and he kissed me. Wrapped up as I was in him, I saw that Pearl was hurt because I did not offer to kiss her. I would have kissed her then, but she kept me off.

"No," she said, petulantly, "you love Bob best."

I had no time for further parley. I rose to my feet, and taking the children by the hand, told them it was not safe for them to be on deck, and that they must go below.

"We crept up," whispered Bob, gleefully, "without any body knowing. Pearl was frightened, and didn't want to come, till I made her. But then Pearl's a girl, and I'm a little man—so mother says."

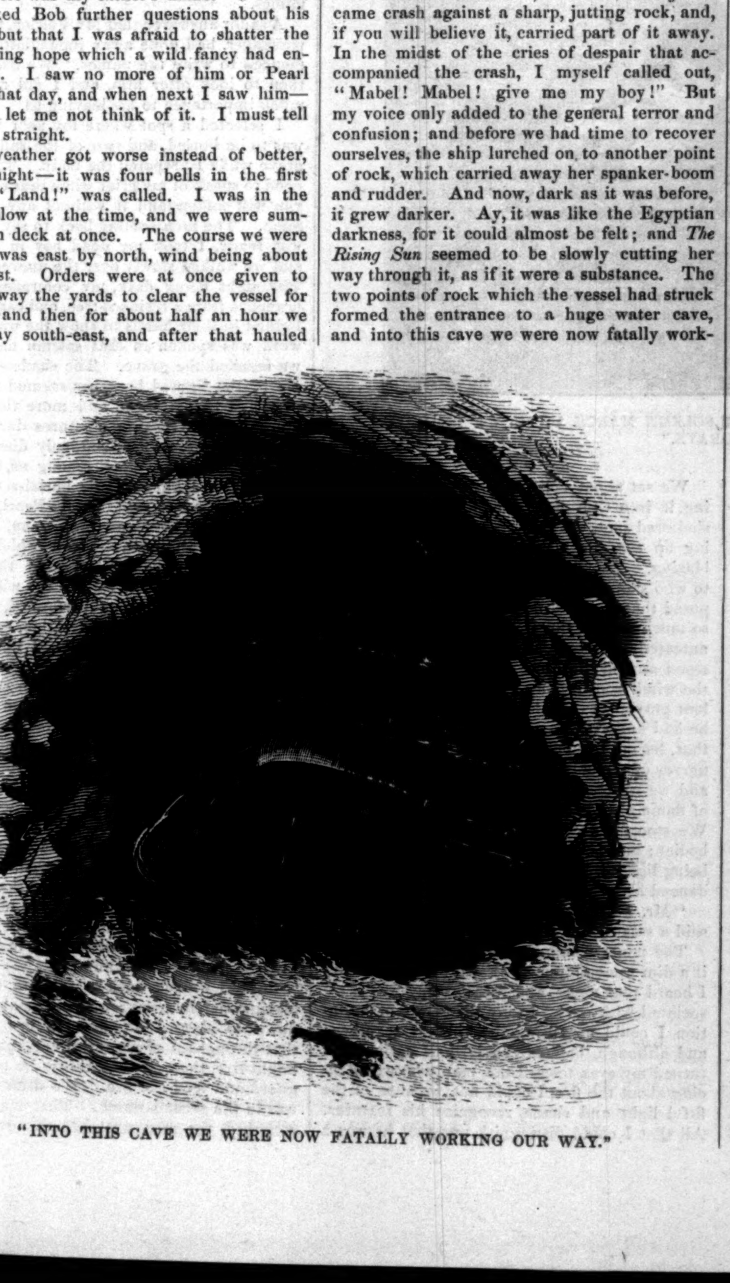
The whole of that day no figure but the figure of Bob was in my mind, and I indulged in the maddest speculations. If my boy lived, he would be of the same age as this little fellow; and Robert was my father's name. I should have asked Bob further questions about his mother, but that I was afraid to shatter the unreasoning hope which a wild fancy had engendered. I saw no more of him or Pearl during that day, and when next I saw him—Ah, me! let me not think of it. I must tell my story straight.

The weather got worse instead of better, and at night—it was four bells in the first watch—"Land!" was called. I was in the watch below at the time, and we were summoned on deck at once. The course we were steering was east by north, wind being about north-west. Orders were at once given to square away the yards to clear the vessel for the land, and then for about half an hour we hove away south-east, and after that hauled up again to the eastward. In less than forty minutes, however, we beheld the treacherous rocks straight ahead of us. As I saw the white waves—whiter because of the darkness which surrounded us—dashing against them, I had no shadow of doubt but that we were lost. Pitch-dark it was, but a sailor can see rocks without a light to guide him—for the matter of that, I believe he can smell them—and it does not need a sailor's eyes to see the white foam from a raging sea dashed from an iron-bound shore back into the black waters. Many's the time I have seen the spotless spray leaping up the sides of the rocks that line the foreign shores, and, curling back again in beautiful showers, laughing in the sun sparkles that filled them with light, and made them look like millions of living silver stars; but then the days were fine, and the sun was shining. It was different now. There was no sun and no moon, and the swell of the sea toward the shore came to my ears like the sound of muffled drums.

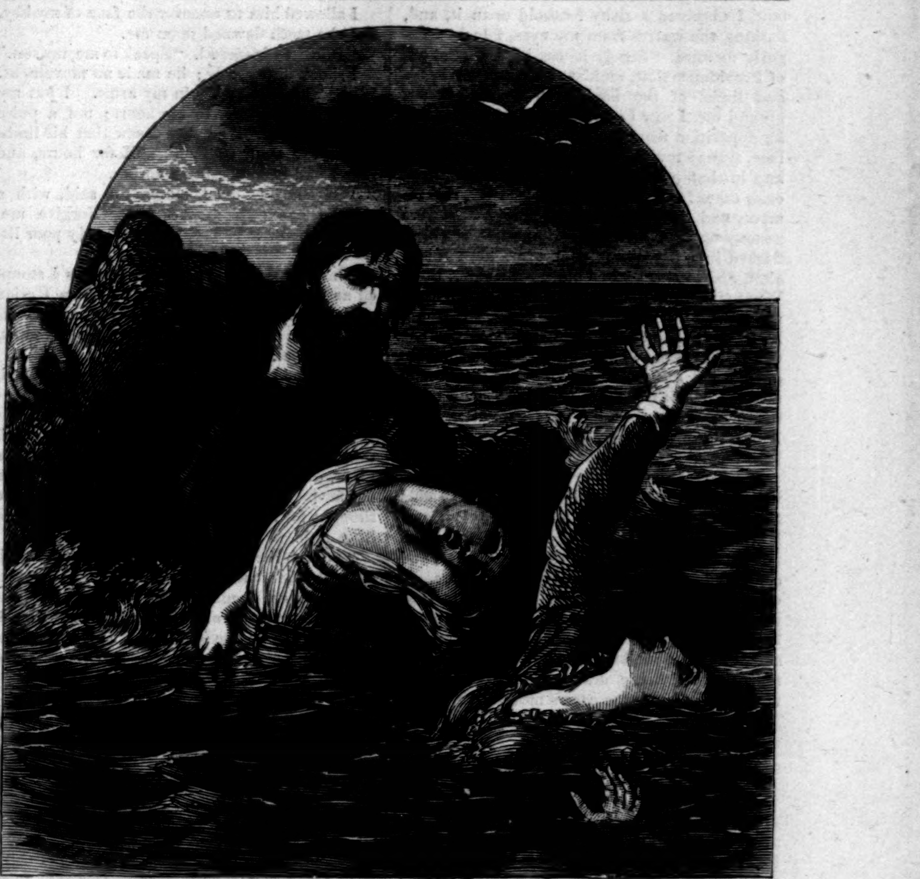
The task we had before us now was to prevent *The Rising Sun* from setting bodily toward the land; but the task was too much for us, and though we worked with a will, we could not avoid our fate. The vessel hardly had steerage-way, and the heavy south-west swell was driving her nearer and nearer to the black rocks. By midnight she had become perfectly unmanageable; and all the passengers, being now alarmed and aware of their peril, were on deck, keeping their feet as well as they could. I looked out on the lee-beam, and saw the land, like a fog-bank, creeping nearer and nearer to us. In the midst of my duties I had striven hard, but without success, to discover Bob and Pearl, and it was while I was thinking of the lad with a feeling of agony that a woman's voice, falling on my ear, sent a shock through me which curdled my blood.

"Hush, my child—hush!" were the spoken words; and it was my wife who uttered them to my boy!

Dumb with a fearful joy and amazement, I turned toward the voice, when *The Rising Sun* came crash against a sharp, jutting rock, and, if you will believe it, carried part of it away. In the midst of the cries of despair that accompanied the crash, I myself called out, "Mabel! Mabel! give me my boy!" But my voice only added to the general terror and confusion; and before we had time to recover ourselves, the ship lurched on to another point of rock, which carried away her spanker-boom and rudder. And now, dark as it was before, it grew darker. Ay, it was like the Egyptian darkness, for it could almost be felt; and *The Rising Sun* seemed to be slowly cutting her way through it, as if it were a substance. The two points of rock which the vessel had struck formed the entrance to a huge water cave, and into this cave we were now fatally working our way. This accounted for the increasing darkness, for above us and before us were savage rocks, from the walls of which the thick slime was crawling down to the sea. Thus much I knew, and thus much I saw; but I was mercifully spared from the conscious knowledge of a great deal of the agony and terror of that awful night. The mizzen-top-gallant mast coming down with tremendous force, I was struck prone to the deck by it, and for a time I partially lost my senses.



"INTO THIS CAVE WE WERE NOW FATALLY WORKING OUR WAY."



"MABEL FELL FROM ME, OR WAS TORN FROM ME BY A FIERCE WAVE."

The dark hours passed like a disturbed dream. Cries and sobs and prayers I heard, but indistinctly, as though I were in no way connected with them: they scarcely seemed to form part of the tragedy which was then being enacted. When I recovered my senses my first endeavor was to get to my feet, but I found that I was pinned to the deck, by reason of the mast having fallen across my body. I believed that I was otherwise unharmed, for it did not appear to me that any of my bones were broken. But I was in this miserable position: I was lying with my face to the deck, and I could not see a yard around me. A faint light betokened that the sun was rising, and was making its way even into the dismal cave in which our ship was snared; otherwise I should have been in total darkness. I sighed in bitterness of spirit; the cup of happiness was dashed from my lips; all hope was gone. I should die without a word of love from my wife; for no power in the world could at that moment have convinced me that she, with my boy, was not a passenger in *The Rising Sun.* Had I not seen the likeness in little Bob's beautiful face? Had I not heard my wife's voice in the dark terror of the night? I believed myself to be the most miserable of men. All my efforts to raise the weight which held me to the deck were vain, and I groaned aloud.

"Are you alive, then, mate?" a voice asked. "I thought you were dead."

I managed to stretch forth my hand, and it reached the hand of a man who was pinned to the deck by the mast, as I was.

"Can you see?" I asked.

"Yes; and that is all I *can* do."

"Have you been conscious all the night?"

"All the night, worse luck. I have been envying you."

"You need not do so. In what position are we?"

"The ship is sinking; in a few minutes we shall reach the water-line."

"And then?"

He laughed bitterly. "You're no sailor, or you would not ask. And then? Why, then, Death—and I shall be glad to meet it. My two legs are broken."

"I pity you! I pity you!" I sighed. "Are you strong enough to talk to me?"

"Talking does me good. I sha'n't do much more of it in this world. What is it you want to know?"

"Where are the passengers?"

"In the sea, half of them—out of their trouble. I wish I was out of mine. I've seen them washed away by twos and threes and half dozens all through the night. The sea would have taken me too, but this cursed mast wouldn't budge an inch. All's well with them. Good-night."

In his dare-devil, defiant mood, the man, whoever he was—for I never saw his face—actually sung these words.

"For Heaven's sake!" I implored, "do not answer me in that reckless way. You have been conscious all the night, you say. Has any thing been done with the boats?"

"Yes. One quarter-boat was launched, and got safely out of this hole, I think. The other quarter-boat was also launched, and it isn't known what has become of it."

"Any passengers in the first?"

"A few."

"Women and children?"

"Not likely. Men. Those who could scramble in first."

"Mate, do you understand the position I am in? I can't see a yard around me. I have a wife and child on board. The brutes! the brutes! not to save the women and children first! There are women and children still on deck, are there not?"

"Yes. You want to know if your wife is among them. What sort of a woman?"

"Fair, with light auburn hair and blue eyes."

"Yes, yes—I knew one— Bah! what's the use of thinking, now that every thing has come to an end?"

"Look, mate!" I cried, for I felt that we were sinking fast. "Look, for God's sake! Do you see such a woman among those still left? And has she not a child with her?"

"What business is it of mine?" he replied, groaning with pain. "My eyes are getting too dim to see. Stay, though. I can just make out a woman with fair hair— But the world's full of them!"

His pain must have been very great, from the way he dragged out his words.

"If I could relieve you, I would do so. Go on. Tell me what the woman is doing."

"She has a child in her arms—"

"A boy?"

"I should say so."

"My boy—my son! Thank God! There may be still a chance for them. Ah, if I could but speak one word to them! Go on—go on."

"She is leaning over the bulwarks—ah, I see what for. There is a spar in the water, and a man, with one arm over it, has lashed a little girl to it. I see—I see! He intends to try and save the lot of them. He is calling out to the woman—I can't hear what he says—ah, I suppose he is telling her to throw the boy to him. She bends toward him. Lord have mercy—"

And at that moment we were sucked down into the sea. With the last words he spoke the ship had reached the water-line, and sunk in a wild whirl of waters. A prayer passed through my mind, for I believed my time had come. But the mast which had held me fastened to the deck now proved to be my salvation. Immediately the deck was below the water the mast floated off, leaving me free, and with the instinct of self-preservation I struck out lustily. I am a good swimmer, and shortly after I rose to the surface of the water my hands came upon a small piece of rock jutting up from the sea. Not knowing its size or ex-

tent, I obtained a risky foothold upon it, and, dashing the waters from my eyes, I looked eagerly forward. Surely it was by a special act of Providence that, amidst the struggling heads and limbs of the hapless drowning persons around me, I saw but one face, which rose like an apparition from the water. It was Mabel's face, turned toward the rock to which I clung, and in that one awful moment we recognized each other! A look of convulsed joy, amazement, and terror—terror, as though she were gazing upon a being from another world—flashed into her eyes. Her arms were raised aloft, and in them was a child—my child, Bob! What was to be done in that dread moment of my life? If I plunged into the sea it would be fatal to all of us, for the drowning persons would inevitably clutch at me and carry me down with them. I decided instantly upon my plan. With one arm round the sharp rock, which cut into my flesh—but I did not feel it—I partially lowered myself into the water, and held out my other arm, which I judged would just reach Mabel, in the expectation that she would seize my hand, and that I should be able to draw her to my rock of refuge. But as I laid my hand upon my boy, Mabel fell from me, or was torn from me by a fierce wave, and sunk before my eyes. With my boy pressed close to my bosom, I dashed forward in desperation to rescue her; but I was swept away by a rush of whirling spars from the wrecked ship, and, without knowing how it happened, I found myself being drawn into a boat which was lying off near the cave's mouth.

IX.

THE BURIAL OF POOR LITTLE BOB.

I WAS told afterward that I struggled like a madman with those who were saving me; and I know that it must have been because of the thought uppermost in my mind that I had no right to consider my own life while a chance remained to save that of my dear Mabel. But the men held me fast, and, when I was in the boat, began to pull away from the cave into the brighter light.

"It's no use struggling, mate," one said. "If you've a spark of reason in you, you'll see that there's no hope of saving another life."

They continued to pull doggedly away, and kept their hands upon me to prevent me from throwing myself into the water. Blinding tears came to my eyes and flowed over. I knew that it was vain to resist, and I knew besides that the few minutes that had intervened were fatal minutes, and carried death with them to the bright and beautiful girl who had become my wife, alas! how many Christmases ago! The mystery that had parted us would never now be made clear to me; but if any thing could have comforted me at that awful period of my life, it was the belief I still cherished in her faith and purity. Yet I looked sullenly on the cruel waters, repining, I do believe, because a miracle did not occur.

Some comfort did come to me after a while. I had my boy, my darling son, in my arms. Was it not almost by a miracle that he had been given to me, after searching for him the wide world over for seven long years? "You have still something to live for," a voice whispered to me; "be grateful, then." But I could not put by my sorrow so easily, and it was with mingled joy and grief that I hugged my boy closer to me to keep him warm; for it was bitterly cold, and a mist had begun to fall, and was thickening every moment. No sign of life was on the sea; in the distance we saw the terrible coast-line, consisting of straight rocks of a tremendous height, affording not the remotest chance of effecting a landing. I scarcely remember how that day passed; I was in a stupor, lying at the bottom of the boat, whispering incoherent endearments into my little boy's ears. That he did not answer me did not surprise or hurt me; it pleased me that he should sleep so calmly during these cold and cheerless hours. To awaken him would have only aroused him to misery. Toward evening I became conscious that the men in the boat were directing strange glances toward me and my precious burden.

"Come, mate," said one, "put aside that. We've enough weight in the boat without carrying the dead."

"Who did you say is dead?" I asked, vacantly, not understanding him.

Their significant looks answered me, and one man placed his hand on my little boy's heart. I pushed him aside fretfully.

"This is my son," I said, "for whom I've been searching these seven years past. I have only just found him. No, I am not mad; I am in my right senses. But this is not the time to tell you my story. My wife lies there"—I pointed to the cave. "I might have saved her but for you. Let be, then. I suppose some of you can understand what a father's love, what a husband's grief, is in such a trial as this?"

"But don't you see?" the same man asked, and many of them looked at me with sad eyes. "Come, be reasonable. We are dead beat. You are as strong as we are. Lend a hand to an oar. Nay, then, if you'll not believe, look for yourself."

I allowed him to uncover the face of my boy, and the truth dawned upon me.

"Bob!" I whispered. "Speak to me, my son."

I shook him gently; he made no movement. White and still he lay in my arms. I put my ear to his mouth—to his heart; not a pulse replied to me. And then I saw that his limbs must have been cold and stiff for hours, and that I had been nursing a corpse.

"My boy is dead, mates!" I said, with a strange calmness upon me. "Forgive me. I didn't know it before, you see. My poor little Bob!"

They turned their faces from me as I stooped and kissed Bob's white lips. Then I cried quietly over him a bit, and laid him at the bottom of the boat, covering him with my shirt, which I took off for the purpose.

"Let me keep him," I pleaded; "if we land, we can bury him ashore."

"Ay, ay, mate," they said, softly.

I answered them with grateful looks, and, taking an oar, pulled with the strength of a giant, drinking the salt tears which ran down my face. I worked mechanically, and had no thought for any thing but the body of my poor little Bob.

Through the long hours of the night we pulled, and when the sun rose we found ourselves in the same dismal plight. The wind was dead in our teeth, and the rocks loomed black and shadowy in the distance. Having aboard only sufficient provisions for two days, it behooved us to find a refuge soon; and many a breath of thankfulness was drawn when, on the evening of the second day, we discovered a neck of land where we reckoned we could put safely ashore. Some part of the beach was sand, but very treacherous, as we presently learned, and some was rock. We rowed toward the sandy beach, and one man jumped out—too soon for his life, for he sunk before our eyes. The quicksands had swallowed him. With feelings of awe we pulled toward the rocks, and after some difficulty effected a landing, saving, too, at the risk of our lives, what little provisions we had left. But in the landing, our boat was dashed to splinters. And there, rescued from the sea, we stood upon the rocks in safety, I with my little Bob in my arms, wrapped in my serge shirt.

"Now for a fire," said one of the party; "I am perishing with cold. Let us collect some dry wood."

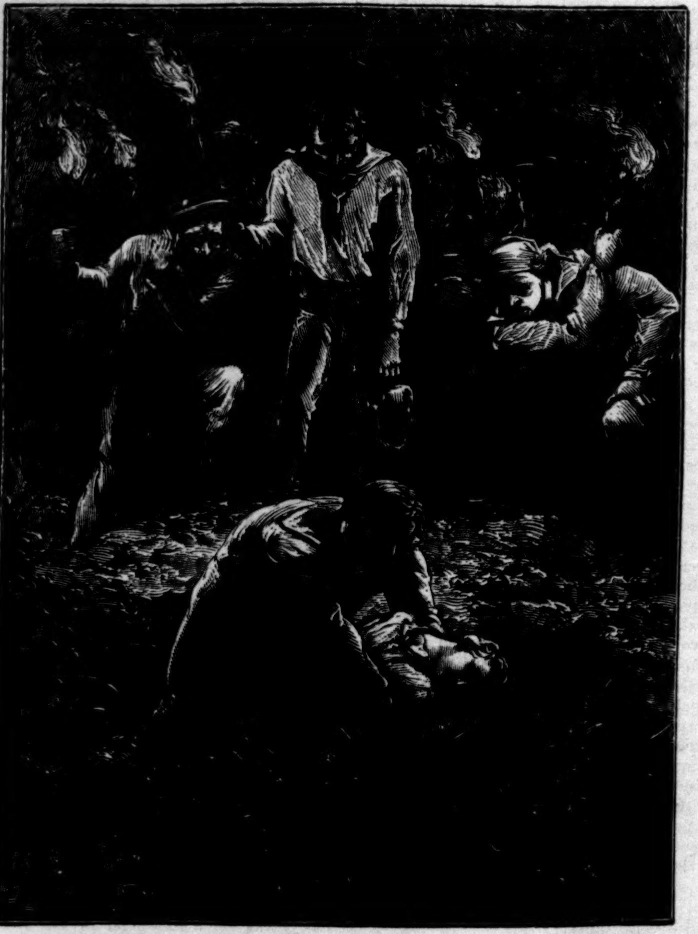
No sooner had he spoken the words than every man among us began feeling in his pockets. For what? you ask. For what you can buy at a farthing a hundred, and yet a farthing's worth of which was more precious to us than all the gold in all the Australias—for a box of lucifer-matches. What we searched for we did not find. Not a man among us had a match. Truly we had thought that our cup of unhappiness was full, but here was another bitter drop added, proving that there were depths of misery we had not yet reached. Cold as our hearts were before, they were colder now. We were frightened to look one another in the face; and I speak the honest truth when I say that at that moment I would have given five of my fingers for five wooden matches, and would have chopped them off myself without a murmur; and so, I do not doubt, would every man who stood shivering on those black rocks that dismal, dreadful night. If ever the Devil missed a chance of making a good bargain he missed it then.

"The best thing we can do now, mates," said one, Tom Wren by name, a reckless man, whose curse was drink, "is to lay down and die."

We did not answer him, but stood around each other with despairing souls; and one or two looked up to the sky, as though hoping that sparks of fire would drop from the clouds into our hands. And one of the men began to wander in his mind, and commenced to sing in a hoarse voice about the "sweet little cherub that sits up aloft to watch o'er the life of poor Jack." Well, well, that sweet little cherub did not desert poor Jack, after all, for suddenly a sailor gave a scream of joy, and cried out that he had found a match in his pocket. Only one—but our lives hung on that little bit of wood. He was about to take it from his pocket, when violent hands were laid upon him.

"Keep it from the damp, for God's sake!" we cried. "If it gets wet, we're lost men."

An island filled with jewels could not have bought that match of us.



"NOT A WORD WAS SPOKEN IN THAT SOLEMN MARCH UNTIL WE REACHED THE GRAVE."

We set about collecting dry wood and tearing it into thin shreds, and, after selecting a sheltered spot, our best skill was used in building up the pile which we hoped soon to see blazing. There was an anxious discussion as to who should strike the match, and it was proposed that I should do it; but my nerves were so much shaken that I did not dare. One volunteered, and to him it was intrusted. We stood around him in a close circle, to prevent the wind from getting to him, and many a silent prayer went up for the success of the task he had undertaken. It was a solemn moment that, let me tell you, and would have tried the nerves of the bravest man. He *was* successful, and we watched with thankful hearts the jets of flame playing among the thin strips of bark. We stooped over it and drew warmth to our bodies; and one man, who, while the match was being lighted, had stood as if he were petrified, danced about the fire like an imp of the devil.

"Mr. Fairley is going mad, I do believe," said a sailor.

The name coming to my ears brought with it a dim remembrance. Fairley! Where had I heard that name, and in what way was it associated with me? In my then state of agitation I could not bring the threads together; and although, half carelessly, half curiously, I turned my eyes toward the man who was dancing about the fire, I could not, because of the fitful light and shade, recognize his features. All that I could distinguish was that he was a small-made man, with a great deal of hair about his face.

We were almost starving, and our next need was food. We eat sparingly, with some thought of the morrow; and after supper we talked in low, sad tones of those who had set sail with us full of life and strength and hope, and who were now lying five-and-twenty fathom deep at the bottom of the cruel sea. Each told of what he had seen of So-and-so and So-and-so who were lost, and we were none of us ashamed of our tears. It was a melancholy record. My own experiences on that awful night, as I lay helpless beneath the mast, were listened to with deep interest and sympathy; and one said that he had seen a spar such as I described floating toward the mouth of the cave, but that he had lost sight of it almost immediately.

"That's the spar the poor fellow spoke of who was lying by my side," I said, "and the little girl on it was named Pearl. She and my boy were companions. God rest her soul!"

In relating my experiences to them, I said nothing of my previous history. It contained griefs too sacred for strangers' ears.

There was a good deal to do before we slept. Of the hundred and sixteen souls who set sail in *The Rising Sun* only twelve were saved. There being no ship's officer among those who were rescued, I was solicited to take the command. It had become known that I had commanded a vessel, and the position was offered to me as being mine by right. I accepted it for all our sakes, believing I should be able to fulfill its duties in a proper manner. But I told them that I could do nothing that night, with the exception of taking down their names.

"My heart is too full, my lads," I said, with a great effort to keep my voice steady, "to think of any thing else to-night. The saddest task of all is before me. My little boy is to be buried."

I then, taking from my pocket a small memorandum-book which I had by me, desired them to step forward, one by one, and give their names, and what they were.

"I will place my name first," I said; and I did so, they calling out their names in the order here set down:

Amos Beecroft.	Alfred Mixture.
James Bowden.	James Lovegood.
Benjamin Starley.	Ralph Fortyman.
Fred Cliveley.	Richard Tippler.
Tom Wren.	Patrick Bloom.
Robert Smith.	

It did not speak well for the crew of *The Rising Sun* that these men were all sailors; but they attempted to justify themselves afterward by saying that life was sweet.

"One man has not answered," I said. "There are twelve of us. Here are but eleven names."

A sailor answered that Mr. Fairley, the saloon passenger, had gone away immediately I commenced to write the names. We had no time then to look after him, and I did not attach much importance to his leaving us.

I selected a spot where my poor little Bob was to be buried, and two of the sailors dug a grave while I prepared the body. There is no need to speak of my grief while thus employed; you will understand it without any words of mine. The men coming back to say the grave was ready, I took my dead boy in my arms, and we walked slowly over the uneven ground. The night being dark, my comrades had cut branches from a resinous tree, and carried them lighted in their hands to show the way. Not a word was spoken in that solemn march until we reached the grave. The shadows brought out by the lighted branches seemed as though they had life in them, and more than once I fancied I saw moving creatures darting from rock and tree, and as suddenly disappearing. We had no Prayer-book among us, but I said as much as I knew of the burial-service, first over my little Bob, and then for Pearl, of whom, as my boy's friend and companion, I thought with tender interest. After which, at the request of the men, I repeated the service for all who had been lost in the wild waters. These sad duties being performed, my comrades, with a tender consideration, softly withdrew and left me to myself. I knelt by my boy's grave, and spent a few minutes in mental prayer. It was not such praying as could properly be set down in words, nor, if it were possible to do so in a coherent manner, was it such as would speak well for a man's humility, or gratefulness of spirit for escape from a dread peril: it was, in truth, a bewailing for the great misfortunes of my life, out of which, indeed, the light now appeared to have forever departed. I had no hope that I should ever again see the face of any whom I loved. Who, indeed, were left to me, supposing that by some wild chance we were rescued from our perilous position? No one but my old mother, who, for aught I knew, might be dead and in her grave, as I should soon be in mine.

Sadly I walked back to the fire, which was blazing merrily away; and before the men lay down to sleep I organized a fire watch, so that throughout as many days and nights as we might live, there should always be two men to guard and feed the fire. We drew lots, and I was in the second watch. That matter being arranged, the men stretched themselves upon

the ground, and every one but myself and the two who formed the first fire watch was soon fast asleep.

X.

WEIRD DREAMS AND FANCIES.

I WAS tired enough to sleep, but sleep would not come to me; and rather than toss about, I rose and walked away from the fire and the sleepers to the shore. The tide was coming in, and the weather had cleared; but it was still dark, and there was no light on the waters. I knew, however, that in an hour or so the moon would rise, and I thought that I would wait for it—for what particular reason I can not say, but it came into my head, and the good Lord put it there, perhaps.

Being by myself alone, the fancy came upon me that I was the only man left in the world. I could not hear a sound but the soft lapping of the waves as they rolled inshore, as they had rolled on this self-same spot thousands and thousands of years ago, and as they would roll for thousands and thousands more, till they rolled into eternity. We get thoughts now and again that we can not plumb, and can not take the measure of. If I were to set down the notions that came into my head as I walked up and down that solemn shore, you would hardly believe I was not drawing on my imagination. I thought that the world was dead; that light was gone out of it for ever and ever; that it would be always night, world without end; and that sun, moon, and stars would never shine again. I stopped and listened to the waves till, to my fevered fancy, they spoke a language that I could understand; and as I stood still to listen to the unspoken words, which made me shudder, so awful were the suggestions they conveyed, the fear came upon me that if I did not move, and move quickly, I should be turned into stone, with ears to hear and eyes to see, but with all power of motion gone forever. Then, as I forced myself to pace the shore, the waves again whispered to me, asking me to join them, and so put an end to every thing; but I flung away the temptation, and cried, "Never, never, never!" and trembled at the sound of my own voice, as if it were some strange monster that was speaking and not myself. And then came other fancies. Shadows formed themselves into the semblance of places I was familiar with, into the shapes of men and women I had known. I saw them so plainly that at first I believed them to be real. There rose the little cottage at Brixton, with "Beecroft, Mariner," over the window, and my mother standing at the door looking down the street for me. That picture faded and melted into another: I and the child Mabel were together, I holding a shell to her ear, and she gazing in pleasant wonder into my shadowy face; then came that villain Druce, and with him a dark mist of blood before my eyes, which blotted out the pictures and put an end to them. I shook myself roughly, and turned aside to meet other fancies. About a hundred yards to the left was a high sand-rock, and as I turned toward it, I saw three old women, for all the world like witches, with pointed chins, and with crooked saplings in their hands. They were pointing with their long bony fingers at something that lay at their feet. I had once seen three witches in a play dancing round a caldron, and these were like them. I waited for the fire to spurt up from the ground, and for themselves to commence to dance; but they stood quite still and motionless, bending toward each other so that their chins almost touched. I made a few steps forward—slowly and cautiously, for I did not know what kind of creatures might be living on these wild shores, and I own to being scared—and I discovered that the three old witches were three bits of scrubby twig sticking up out of the sand-rock. But on the other side of the rock I saw what startled me in real earnest, and well-nigh took my senses away. A faint light in the sky, far away over the waters, denoted that it would not be long before the moon would rise. Among the low rocks which I was overlooking, and against which the waves broke in white foam, now covering them entirely, now leaving them half bare, millions of great serpents were fighting and curling their ugly bodies together, engaged in the deadly purpose of strangling the life out of each other. Every wave that rolled inshore brought their long brown bodies—so long, that there was no saying where they began and where they ended—near to the shore, where they madly bit and fought and struggled; and every wave that went out sucked them from my sight; but the seething, hissing water plainly proclaimed that the desperate fight was continued beneath the waves. If I had been in my right senses I should have known instantly—having seen such things in other places—that what I was looking on was sea-weed that had grown in great strong masses among the rocks, and was eternally tossed and whirled hither and thither fantastically by the action of the waves; but I was in so nervous a condition that my imagination colored every thing before my eyes, and made it different from what it was.

Knowing that if I wished to keep my reason I must school myself into a calmer state, I sat down on a rock, with the intention of giving myself a chance of sleeping. My tired body, grateful for the opportunity, may have slept, but my mind was so excited by recent events that no effort on my part could soothe or quiet it. Every moment a new picture presented itself. I had given no thought to the tide coming in, and it was the rising of the waters that, after the lapse of I know not how many minutes, aroused my body to consciousness. At that moment I was enacting in my dreams the scene of the burial of my poor little Bob. The men were standing around the grave with the lighted torches in their hands, and I was speaking from what I remembered of the service for the dead:

"'I am the resurrection and the life,' saith the Lord: 'he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die.'"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FROM THE KORAN.

WHEN quiet in a darkened room
A form lies cold and chill,
To whom the solemn voice of Death
Has whispered, "Peace, be still!"
They who survive will linger near,
And ask, with anxious mind,
How much of gold the dead man had,
"What has he left behind?"

The angel who with glistening wings
Is hovering round the bed,
Still bending with inquiring look
Above the silent dead,
Demands, "What was the life he led?"
And scans the record o'er;
"What treasure has he now in heaven,
What good deeds sent before?"

THE STRANGE HORSE OF LOCH SUAINABHAL.

By WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "THREE FEATHERS," "A DAUGHTER OF HETH," "A PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

THE following is a copy of a letter addressed to a lady living in Hyde Park Gardens, London, by Alister-nan-Each, of Borvabost, in the island of Lewis, Hebrides:

BORVABOST, *the 20th of June*, 1875.

HONORED MADAM AND DEAR MISTRESS TO COMMAND,—You waz writen to Alister Lewis, the school-master, that I would tell you the whole story of the Plack Horse I sah at Loch Swainaval; and I am not good at the writen whatever; but I will tell you the story, and I will tell you from the verra beginnin of it the whole story. It waz John the Piper he will go apout tellin a foolish tale apout me; and it waz many a time I will think of going and preaking his pipes ofer his head, that he will tell sich foolish lies. There iz no man in the island will trink more az John the Piper himself, not one; and so you will not pelief his foolish lies if you will pe hearin of them, Miss Sheila.

Now the verra beginnin of it waz this, that Dugald MacKillop, that lives by Loch Swainaval, and his father waz my wife's father's first cousin, ay, and a verra rich man mirover, for he had more az forty pounds or thirty-five pounds in the bank at Styornowa, he will pe going away to Portree to marry a young lass there, and Dincan Peterson and me would pe for going with him too, and I waz to be the best man. And you will not mind John the Piper's lies, Miss Sheila, for it waz only one gallon of goot whisky we took aboard the *Clansman* steamer when we waz going away to Skye—az sure az death it waz only the one gallon that Dincan and me we waz for taking to the young lass's father—but it waz verra wat on board the boat, and verra cold whatever, and what harm iz there in a glass of the goot whisky? Sez Dincan Peterson to me, he sez, "Alister, there iz plenty of goot whisky in Skye, and what for should we keep the whisky?" and both me and Dugald MacKillop the two of us both together said he waz a sensible man, and not a foolish man, like John the Piper. And it waz only the one gallon in the char we had on board the steamer.

I will tell you now, honored madam, that the wonderful pig ship took us quick to Portree, which iz a great tistance away; but we did not go to bed that night, for there waz two or three waiting for us, and we had a glass mirover and a dance or two. And the next morning we went away to the farm where the young lass waz; and that waz among the hills; and there waz neffer in the world sich rain az there iz in Skye. Ay, in the Lews we hafe the bad weather and the goot weather, but Kott knaws there iz no sich watter falling any where az there iz in Skye; but we had a glass and a dance, for the two pipers waz with us; and in the efening of that day there waz a grand supper at the young lass's father's house. And it waz not ten gallons of whisky we took in the cart—and Kott knaws I will mek John the Piper answer for that some tay—but only six gallons; and there waz a goot many people there for a dance and a song. And there waz no one wished to go to bed that night either, for there waz many people in the house, and a goot tram and a dance for effery one; and the way the two pipers played the pipes that night would hef made a dead man chump in his grafe if he had peen dead for two hundred years, ay, or one hundred years mirover. And you will mind, Miss Sheila, that the story apout the ten gallons of whisky iz only the lies of that foolish man, John the Piper, who iz trunk oftener az any man on the island of Lews.

The next tay waz the tay of the marrach; and who iz there will not tek a glass at the marrach of a young girl? And after the marrach we went away to this house and to that house, and the two pipers playing in the front of us verra fine, and many a dance we had, ay, and the old people too, when they had got a goot tram. And in the efening there waz another peautiful supper; and no less az six-and-twenty or five-and-twenty hens and cocks and chickens all boiled together in the boiler for boiling the turnips; and the pig barn with more az twelve or sixteen, or more az that of candles; and it waz a peautiful sight. And if the father of the young lass will send to Portree for so many or so many gallons of whisky, what iz that to any one, and to one mirover that waz not there, but will only mek lies apout it? I will not interfere with any man's whisky; no, and I would not go and tell foolish lies apout it mirover.

There waz one or two of the old people they will go to bed in the cart that night; and there waz good hay on the ground, and the cart upside down to keep away the rain; but the most of us we waz for no sleepin that night, for a young lass does not get marriet effery day. And in the morning Dugald MacKillop and the young lass they will come out to us; and they would hef us trink their verra goot health pefore we went in to the fresh herrings and the milk and the cakes; and when that waz all ofer, we had the pipers to the front of us, and we set away for Portree. And who would not trink a glass when you call at this house and at that house to let a young lass say good-by to her frientz? And all the way to Portree there waz this one and the other one come out to shake hands with the young lass; and many of them cam down to the pig steamer to see her away. And az for Dincan Peterson and me, there waz one or two on board of the pig steamer that we knew; and we had a glass or two with them whatever, for it waz a verra cold night; but the lies of that foolish man, John the Piper, are more than I can understand. I will not say, Miss Sheila—for it iz the whole story I will be tellin you—that Dincan Peterson and me we were not verra tired when we got to Styornowa; for it waz fife nights or fowr nights we waz not in any bed at all; but there waz two or three of our frientz will meet us at Styornowa to trink a glass to Dugald MacKillop and the young lass, and who would be thinkin of going to bed then? No, nor waz there any more thinkin of going to bed when we got to the farm of Dugald MacKillop by Loch Swainaval; for there waz two or three come to see the young lass he had marriet; and it waz Aleck Cameron, that lives by Uig, he had brought over two gallons of verra goot whisky—or perhaps, Miss Sheila, for I will tell you the whole story, that you will see what lies old John the Piper would pe for tellin—perhaps it waz three gallons. I can not mind now; but it waz of no consequence whatever; and to go apout speakin of men being trunk that haz just trunk a glass or two at a marrach iz no more az foolish and wicket nonsense.

It waz the tay after this tay that Aleck Cameron he sez to me, "Alister, you hef not peen to Uig for many a tay; will you go pack to Borva by the way of Uig; and we will go together, and we will hef a glass at Uig?" And I said to him, "It iz a long time, Aleck Cameron, since I will pe at Uig, and I will go with you, and we will trink a glass with your father and your mother pefore I will pe going on to Borva." And it waz apout fife o'clock in the afternoon when we set out; but Aleck Cameron he iz the most quarlsome man in the whole of the Lews; ay, there iz no one, not even John Fergus himself, will be so bad in the temper az Aleck Cameron; and what did he know apout the Campbelton whisky? I hef peen in Isla more az three times or two times myself; and I hef peen close by the Lagavulin distillery; and I know that it iz the clear watter of the spring that will mek the Lagavulin whisky just as fine as the new milk. And the bottle I had it waz the verra best of the Lagavulin; and I sez to him, "Aleck Cameron, if you do not like the whisky I hef, you can go pack to the farm of Dugald MacKillop, and you will get what whisky you like; and you are a verra quarlsome man, Aleck Cameron." And he iz a coarse-speakin man, Miss Sheila, and I will not be writen to you the words that he said; but he went away pack to the farm whatever; and I kept on the way by myself, without any bread or cheese in my pocket, or any thing but the bottle of the Lagavulin whisky. And az for the lies of John the Piper, that he will tell of me all ofer the island, I will not efen speak of them to you, Miss Sheila.

It waz apout fife o'clock, or maybe it waz six o'clock, or half past fife, and not much more dark az if it waz the verra mittle of the tay, when I waz going along by the side of Loch Swainaval, and I will put my hand down on the Piple itself and I will sweer I waz az sober az any man could be. Sober, indeed!—iz it to be trunk to trink a glass at a marrach? Ay, and many iz the time I hef seen John the Piper himself az trunk that he could not find the way to his mouth for his chanter, and all the people laughin at him, and the wind in the pipes, but the chanter going this way and that way by the side of his face. It iz many a time that I will wonder Mr. Mackenzie will let sich a man go apout his house; and for him to speak apout any one hafing too much whisky—but I will preak his pipes ofer his head some tay, az sure az Kott. Now, Miss Sheila, this iz the whole story of it: that the watter in the loch waz verra smooth, and there waz some clouds ofer the sky, but effery thing to be seen az clear az the tay. And I waz going along by myself, and I waz thinkin no harm of any one, not efen of Aleck Cameron, that waz away pack at the farm now, when I sah something on the shore of the loch, maybe fowr hundred or three hundred yards in front of me, and it waz lying there verra still. And I said to myself, "Alister, you must not pe frightened by any thing; but it iz a stranche place for a horse to pe lying up on the stones." And he did not mofe one way or the other way; and I stopped and I said to myself, "Alister, it iz a stranche thing for a horse to pe lying on the stones; and there iz many a man in the Lews would pe frightened, and would rather go pack to Dugald MacKillop's farm; but az for you, Alister, you will just tek a drop of whisky, and you will go forward like a prave lad and see whether it iz a horse, for it might be a rock mirover, ay, or a plack cow." So I will go on a bit; and the plack thing it did not mofe either this way or that; and if I will tell you the truth, Miss Sheila, I waz afrait of it, for it waz a verra lonely place, and there waz no one within sight of me, nor any house that you could see. And this waz what I said to myself, that I could not stand there the whole night, and that I will either pe going on by the beast or pe going pack to Dugald MacKillop's farm, and there they would not pelief a word of it; and Aleck Cameron he will say I would be for going pack after him and his Campbelton whisky. And I said to myself, "Alister, you are beginnin to tremple; you must tek a glass of whisky to steady yourself, and you will go forward and see what the beast iz."

It waz at this moment, Miss Sheila, az sure az we hef to die, that I sah it mofe its head, and I said to myself, "Alister, are you afrait of a horse, and iz it a plack horse that will mek you stand in the mittle of the road and tremple?" But I could not understand why a horse will pe lying on the stones, which iz a stranche thing. And I said to myself, "Iz it a seal you will pe seeing far away along the shore?" But whoever will hear of a seal in fresh-watter; and, mirover, it waz az pig az six seals or fife seals, or more az that. And I said to myself, "Alister, go forward now, for you will not hef a man like Aleck Cameron laughin at you, and him az ignorant az a child apout the Lagavulin whisky?"

Now I will tell you, Miss Sheila, apout the terriple thing that I sah; for it waz no use thinkin apout going pack to the farm; and I will go forward along the road, and there waz the bottle in my hand, so that, if the beast cam near, I could break the bottle on the stones and gife him a fright. But when I had gone on a piece of the road I stood still, and all the plood seemed to go out of my pody, for no mortal man effer sah sich a terriple thing. It waz lying on the shore—ay, twelve yards or nine yards from the watter—and it waz looking down to the watter with a head az pig az the head of three horses. There waz no horns or ears on the beast; but there waz eyes pigger az the eyes of three horses; and the plack head of it waz covered with scales like a salmon. And I said to myself, "Alister, if you speak or mofe, you are a dead man; for this ahfu crayture iz a terriple thing, and with a bound like a teeger he will come down the road." I could not mofe, Miss Sheila; there waz no plood left in my pody; and I could not look this way or that for a rock or a bush to hide myself, for I waz afrait that the terriple beast would turn his head. Ay, ay, what I went through then no one can effer tell; when I think of it now I tremple; and yet there are one or two that will pelief the foolish lies of John the Piper, that iz himself the verra trunkenest man in all the island of Lews.

It waz a stranche thing, Miss Sheila, that I tried to whesper a prayer, and there waz no prayer would come into my head or to my tongue, and instead of the prayer, mirover, there waz something in my throat that waz like to choke me. And I could not tek my eyes from the terriple head of the beast; but now when I hef the time to think of it, I pelief the pody of it waz plack and shining, but with no hind-feet at all, but a tail. But I will not sweer to that whatever; for it iz no shame to say that I waz trempling from the crown of my head down to the verra soles of my feet; and I waz watchin his head more az the rest of his pody, for I did not know when he might turn round and see me standin in the road. Them that sez I sah no sich thing will they tell me how long I stood looking at him—ay, until the skies were darker over the loch? Kott knaws I would hef peen glad to hef seen Aleck Cameron then, though he is a verra foolish man; and it waz many a time I will say to myself, when I waz watchin the beast, "Alister, you will neffer come by Loch Swainaval by yourself again, not if you waz living for two hundred years or one hundred years." And how will John the Piper tell me that—that I waz aple to stand there in the mittle of the road? Iz it trunk men that can do that? Is it trunk men that can tell the next mornin, and the mornin after that, what they hef seen? But you knaw, Miss Sheila, that there iz no more sober man az me in all the island; and I will not pother you any more with those foolish lies.

And now an ahfu thing happened. I do not knaw how I am alife to be writen the story to you this tay. I waz tellin you, Miss Sheila, that there waz little thought among us of sleepin for fife or fowr nights pefore; and many of the nights waz verra wat; and I think it might hef peen on board of the pig steamer that I will get a hoast in my throat. And here, as I waz standin in the road, fearfu to mek the least noise, the koff cam into my throat; and I trempled more than effer for fear of the noise. And I struggled; but the koff would come into my throat; and then thinks I, "Alister, Kott's will pe done;" and the noise of the koff frightened me; and at the same time I tropped the bottle on the stones with the fright, and the noise of it—neffer will I forget the noise of it. And at the same moment the great head of the beast it will turn round; and I could stand up no more; I fell on my knees, and I tried to find the prayer, but it would not come into my head. Ay, ay, Miss Sheila, I can remember at this moment the ahfu eyes of the beast as he looked at me, and I